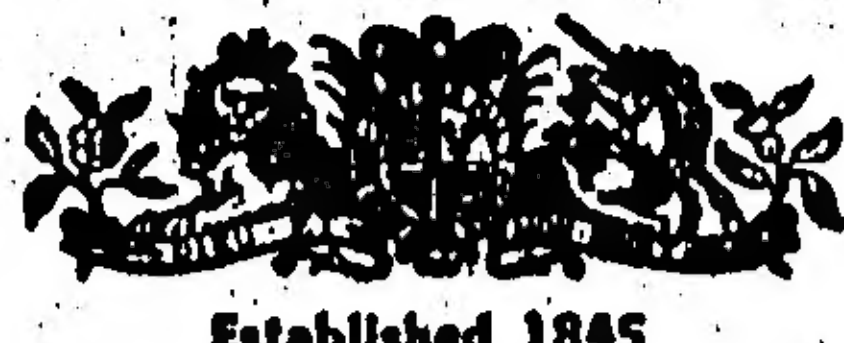


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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Solution?

IT would be comforting to believe that Col Nasser and Mr Ben-Gurion have given the United Nations Secretary-General something more than a purely formal assurance that Egypt and Israel will "unconditionally" abide by their armistice agreement which bans warlike or hostile acts against each other. Unfortunately there is nothing to promote such confidence.

Their own declarations to Mr Hammarskjold belie really honest intentions. "Unconditional" is, in the same breath, qualified by the claim that they must hold the right to act in self-defence. This condition makes non-sensical their fervent assurance of strictly abiding by the terms of the Egyptian-Israeli armistice agreement.

Both sides are almost daily guilty of aggression, and both immediately insist they are acting only in self-defence. The solemn armistice agreement is made into a scrap of worthless paper. Thus the world cannot accept, doubt free, the promises that Egypt and Israel will unconditionally abide by their obligations.

THIS being so it becomes urgently necessary for all those interested in the maintenance of peace in the Middle East to devise some new method of preventing the Arabs and Israelis in turn indulging in pin-pricking military adventures.

The United Nations theoretically has the machinery to accomplish this, but in practice its authority and effectiveness is highly doubtful. Britain, France and America are pledged to defend the Israel-Arab frontiers against aggression from either side, but hesitate to fulfil this responsibility at the present time for fear of inciting the Soviet bloc into going to the "aid" of any of the contestants.

The solution may lie in the proposal which Sir Anthony Eden is reported ready to present to the Soviet leaders next week that the existing tripartite guarantee pact be extended to include Russia, thus giving the Big Four the equally shared responsibility of preserving the peace of the Middle East.

Hammarskjold Has 8-Point Peace Plan For Arab-Israeli Dispute

EGYPT READY TO ACCEPT

Throw S. Africa Out Of The Commonwealth Urges Priest

London, Apr. 13. Father Trevor Huddleston, the Anglican priest and outspoken opponent of South Africa's racial segregation policy, said here tonight that he would like South Africa "thrown or shown" out of the British Commonwealth.

He was speaking at London airport on his arrival from New York.

"I do not want her to walk out," he added. "I would like it to happen before that."

Father Huddleston, who is 43, has returned to Britain to take over the position of novice master of the Anglican community of the Resurrection.

Father Huddleston told the reporters that South Africa's racial policies had been fairly consistent for a long time.

RUTHLESS

"But since the present government came into power it has applied those policies far more ruthlessly, with more determination and with much greater hardship to the African people."

"This immensely powerful and ruthless pressure from the government could result in the wrong kind of explosive reaction—and that is something we must all try to avoid."

"Therefore I believe it is most necessary that the present government in South Africa should be broken—and the quicker the better."

Father Huddleston, wearing the severe black robe of his order, said that democracy in Africa must be promoted by letting the Africans share it.

"At the moment they have no share in it whatever," he added.

—China Mail Special.

Prisoners Released

Berlin, Apr. 13. The Red Cross in West Berlin announced tonight that the East German authorities had today released 228 former prisoners-of-war handed over to them by the Russians last December for further detention as unrepentant war criminals.—Reuter.

KING INVITED

London, Apr. 13. Queen Elizabeth has invited King Faisal of Iraq to come to Britain on a state visit next July, it was officially announced today. The visit will take place from July 16 to 19.

—France-Press.

Everything Now Depends On Israel

Cairo, Apr. 13. Egypt has "virtually accepted," subject to similar Israeli agreement, an 8-point programme proposed by United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold to ease border tension between the two countries, a high official source revealed today.

There were only minor Egyptian qualifications to the plan Mr Hammarskjold discussed with Prime Minister Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, the source said, and they concerned direct contacts between local Egyptian and Israeli military leaders at the border posts.

The text of Egypt's acceptance, the source said, is being drafted by Egyptian military experts for presentation to Mr Hammarskjold at his meeting tomorrow with Col. Nasser.

Mr Hammarskjold, the official said, probably will go to Tel-Aviv from here in an effort to secure Israeli acceptance of the programme. If he failed in Tel-Aviv, he probably would return here for further discussions, the source added.—United Press.

May Bid For Soviet Co-operation

Washington, Apr. 13. There is increasing discussion in diplomatic circles here of the possibility of making a bid to the Soviet Union for increased co-operation with the Western Powers within the United Nations to restore peace in Palestine.

Officials today emphasised that there was no suggestion that the Big Four talks should be held between the Soviet and Western Powers outside the United Nations or that the Big Four should undertake any joint action outside the United Nations.

The Eisenhower administration is still placing its hopes for ending Arab-Israeli hostilities in bringing about a settlement through the machinery of the UN without the necessity for action outside it.

VETO DANGER

But it is realistically recognised here that the Soviet Union by the use of its veto in the UN Security Council could obstruct or delay Western efforts to reach a settlement through the United Nations.

A direct request to the Soviet Union at this time for its co-operation in these efforts might, it is thought, elicit a favourable response, and might deter the Soviet leaders from the use of the veto later on in the United Nations. The Soviet leaders in a position in which it would be more difficult for them to use it without encouraging doubts of the sincerity of their new posture as conciliators and peace-mongers.

The Soviet Union, with its large surplus of military supplies, is also in a position to exercise considerable influence in the area, particularly upon Egypt, now receiving considerable military supplies from behind the Iron Curtain.

Next week's talks between the British and Soviet leaders

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section.

P. 5: London's Teddy Boys: our new series by Robert Edwards; Is a Scotsman British? Yorke Henderson reports a controversial point that arose in an election campaign.

P. 6: Who are the enemies of Sir Anthony Eden? by Richard Strong; The Venueance of Private Pooley, continued.

P. 7: Majdany meets Monroe, the story of the most amazing deal in film history.

P. 8: The First Test pilot, a world's strangest story, by Harry Harper.

P. 13: Les Armour spotlights the personality of Nikita Khrushchev.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Cameramen Banned From Palace By Rainier

Monaco, Apr. 13. Prince Rainier of Monaco tonight barred all photographers from his palace a few hours after one of them had placed himself in front of the prince's car to take a picture of the couple.

If the prince's ban is maintained only two Monegasque government photographers would be admitted to the civil wedding in the throne room next Wednesday.

Prince Rainier, who has already exchanged angry words with newsmen since he returned from his American visit, described the action of the Paris evening newspaper photographer as "intolerable."

THE INCIDENT

The incident occurred while about 50 cameramen waited near the villa of his sister, Princess Antoinette, just over the French frontier this afternoon where he lunched with his parents, fiancee and her family.

As the 32-year-old Prince drove down a slope from the villa towards the main Riviera coastal road, the photographer flung himself into the ground in the path of the big green Chevrolet. Prince Rainier braked violently.

Other photographers flashed their camera bulbs at the couple in the front seat.

The photographer was bumped slightly by a wing of the car and scraped his hand as he got up.

Prince Rainier scowled angrily as the photographer struggled to his feet and recovered his camera. But his fiancee smiled.

In a blunt statement tonight, the Prince said: "There are limits that good behaviour should not pass—for it then becomes indiscreet."

"Some of you, in order to get a sensational picture today, did not hesitate to indulge in intolerable practices. But the excesses of the few oblige measures to be taken which hurt the entire profession."

ACCESS FORBIDDEN

"Access to the palace is therefore forbidden to photographers henceforth. Only two official photographers will be admitted."

When he arrived for the luncheon, Prince Rainier refused to be photographed with Grace.

"This is private property," he said. "If you don't go away I shall call the French police."

Prince Rainier last month sprang out of his car in Paris and shook his fist at a photographer who was leading a procession of press cars which pursued him through a suburban wood.—Reuter.

Nicosia Ambush

Nicosia, Apr. 13. One British soldier was killed and two others were reported injured today when gunmen ambushed two British army vehicles on a mountain road southwest of Nicosia.

The two army cars were climbing the road to Pedoulas village when the first car was blown up by a mine in a culvert. Gunmen then opened small arms fire on the second vehicle.—France-Press.

Aborigine A Victim Of Black Magic

Darwin, Apr. 13.

A 19-year-old Australian aborigine, Lya Wulumu, is in an iron lung in Darwin hospital fighting for his life after his mother-in-law got witch-doctors to "sing him to death."

Wulumu was flown to Darwin on Tuesday from the "Kirkala" mission in Arnhemland in a weak condition. He could not swallow. On Wednesday he stopped breathing and was put in an iron lung. Each time he is taken out, his breathing stops.

Wulumu told a Methodist minister at his bedside to pray for him. "I am finished," he gasped.

BOOMERANG STOLEN

Doctors have examined him thoroughly, but can find nothing physically wrong with him. Last week witch-doctors stole Wulumu's boomerang and spear and put them in a ceremonial hollow tree for the "singing to death" ceremony. The witch-doctors then placed Wulumu's boomerang high in the tree as a sign that he had been successfully sung to death.

When Wulumu was shown his weapons, he became sick, growing weaker and weaker.—France-Press.

Policeman Killed In Demonstration

Copenhagen, Apr. 13.

A 40-year-old policeman was killed and another person seriously injured in demonstrations at Aalborg today by Danish workers. Clashes between workers and the police occurred during workers' demonstrations against legislation voted by Parliament today in an effort to put an end to the month-long strikes.—France-Press.

NOT ENTHUSIASTIC

But the Eisenhower administration appears to be cool to the French suggestions that there be three-power discussions should be conducted on a formal basis which might call for an attempt to reach specific agreements or specific decisions regarding three-power action in the Middle East.

The feeling here is that this would give the impression that the Three Powers were preparing to act independently of the United Nations and neither the Eisenhower administration nor the United States Congress is willing to commit the United States to such action until every possibility of United Nations action has been exhausted.—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Ambition Iping Half Moon Bay Outsider:—Quicksilver.	RACE 1 Ambition Iping Half Moon Bay Outsider:—7
RACE 2 Bengal Lancer Glasgow Eagle King Outsider:—Every Day.	RACE 2 Never Forget Glasgow Every Day Outsider:—Lake Success.
RACE 3 Green Velvet Rowanglen Boyne Outsider:—Thunder Sky.	RACE 3 Green Velvet Rowanglen Thunder Sky Outsider:—Laddie.
RACE 4 Tell Me Tonight Hongkong Diamond Oscar Prize Outsider:—Norse King.	RACE 4 City of Victoria Ballan Monarch Tell Me Tonight Outsider:—Bluegrass.
RACE 5 Yin Chi Precious Gem Free Kiek Outsider:—Oceanic Sky.	RACE 5 Yin Chi Precious Gem Free Kiek Outsider:—Long Cue.
RACE 6 Amusement Chinese Mackeral Hellzapoppin Outsider:—Jettified.	RACE 6 Dashed Beauty II Amusement Prince Duhila Outsider:—Jettified.
RACE 7 Dilkooch Ben Lawry Queenpots Outsider:—Spanish Fan.	RACE 7 Spanish Fan Dilkooch Queenpots Outsider:—Congratulation.
RACE 8 Miracle Fox Hunter Encore Outsider:—Santa Claus.	RACE 8 Miracle French Bean Fox Hunter Outsider:—Strathvohr.
RACE 9 Jemima P. Outsider Tonyber Outsider:—Full Ahead.	RACE 9 Jemima P. Outsider Full Ahead Outsider:—Firestone.
RACE 10 Raja Johnber Gabriel Junks Outsider:—Winsome.	RACE 10 Raja Johnber Cheerful Outsider:—Babbs.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For the 8th race
Neither starboard nor port.

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Strathvohr which placed third and paid \$10.

Mollet's Ceasefire In Algeria Move

Paris, Apr. 13. French Premier Guy Mollet today made the most specific move yet towards a ceasefire in Algeria when he said his government would authorise "local contacts" between French military authorities and the rebels.

That of convincing Europeans and Moslem Algerians that the government's chief concern is a political and not a military solution of the situation, and that of devising an "on-the-spot" method of meeting the rebels.

The "local contacts," French observers said, would be in no wise political in character—the government is determined that the Algerian rebellion shall not play any role in leading towards further negotiations.—France-Press.

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KING'S * PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



LUCY GALLANT

CLAIRE TREVOR VISTAVISION THELMA RITTER

WILLIAM DEMAREST WALLACE FORD TOM HELMORE
WILLIAM K. FINE WILLIAM C. THOMAS
ROBERT FARRIS JOHN LEE MAHIN WINSTON MILLER
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.
Abbot & Costello LOST IN ALASKA
Disney-RKO present TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

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It's The Funniest Crime Story Ever!



The Ladykillers

JACK WARNER FRANKIE HOWARD KATIE JOHNSON

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Fox Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: 3 Stooges Comedy & Cartoons

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"CELL 2455 DEATH ROW"SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.To-morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"THE DIAMOND QUEEN"
In Technicolor

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"Guys and Dolls". Ex-
cellent musical. Marlon
Brando, Jean Simmons,
Frank Sinatra, Vivian
Blaine.KING'S and PRINCESS:
"Lucy Gallant". Life of a
creative artist. Jane
Wyman, Charlton Heston.NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "The Lady-
killers". Thriller with
humour. Alec Guinness,
Cecil Parker, Katie John-
son.QUEEN'S and ALHAM-
BRA: "Hot Blood". Love
among the spys. Jane
Russell, Cornell Wilde.ROXY and BROADWAY:
"I am a Camera". A
comedy. Julie Harris,
Laurence Harvey.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"The Swan". A princess
and a commoner. Grace
Kelly, Alec Guinness.KING'S and PRINCESS:
"The Second Greatest
Sex". Romance. Jeanne
Crain, George Nader.NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "Night of the
Hunt". Murder and
suspense. Robert Mil-
burn and Shelley Win-
ters.QUEEN'S and ALHAM-
BRA: "Lawless Street".
A western. Randolph
Scott.ROXY and BROADWAY:
"The Conqueror". Spec-
tacle. John Wayne and
Susan Hayward.

Brando Sings!

He tells Nathan that the heat is on and that all the regular hideouts where Nathan operates his illegal games are being watched. The scene in a barber's shop where all the customers (most of them Nathan's clientele) rise and salute him in song is hilarious. Then there is Nathan's "doll", Vivian Blaine, who has been "going steady" with him for 14 years and is eternally trying to induce him to give up his gambling and marry her. She played this part in the stage version in both England and America.

Marlon Brando is a big time gambler who is reputed to have refused penicillin when he was ill, so he had taken a bet that he could force his temperature up to 104 degrees. He will bet on anything and has some of the best dialogue in the picture. His singing will not have put any fear into Sinatra, but it is a pleasant voice and he and Jean Simmons, (as the mission-ary lass who falls in love with him) sing some pleasing duets. Comedy is the keynote of "Guys and Dolls", but many of the love scenes between this unlikely pair have a delicacy that is romantic in a most unHollywoodian way.

Guinness Returns

What a varied bunch are "The Ladykillers" whose nefarious deeds cause all the trouble in this film.

As the leader and the brains of the concern there is Alec Guinness. I have always had the greatest respect for this actor because of the way in which he absorbs himself in every new part. With the exception of the half moon smile he might be a new person with every new role he attempts.

In "The Ladykillers" his superficial politeness and plausible confidence trickster tactics are doubly menacing when it is revealed that he is quite without heart. After the footpoot robbery that he has planned out in conjunction with this gang has carried out, it becomes evident that the little old lady in whose house they meet—ostensibly to practise quints—is in the way and must be liquidated.

The gentle "professor"—which is his nickname in the underworld—has no compunction whatever in planning her doom, but the other four toughs suddenly develop consciences.

Soft-hearted

This is a great surprise after their fierce talk and appearance. Herbert Lom, in spite of his sinister looks, his handling of an offensive violin case as though it were a sub-machine gun and his avowed dislike of old ladies in general, proves squeamish when faced with the job of disposing of her. Cecil Parker, though more kindly than the rest and known as "the Motor" is no minor in the field of crime, yet he too, when faced with her ingenious philosophy finds himself unable to carry out the gang's sentence.

The remaining two—big, burly, hairless Danny Green, and the Patsy-de-dance type, Peter Sellers, are equally intimidated by her bird-like twitterings on the subject of right and wrong. The old lady knows too much. She has discovered their crime and in spite of the clear way in which they have managed to implicate her, she is determined to go to the police. Quite

obviously she must breathe her last before doing so. The shrewish way in which, like the ten little niggers, the five are made to disappear, one by one, is extremely cleverly thought out and executed. I particularly liked the epitaph of the spy, Peters Sellers; his mortal remains are tipped over the bridge of a railway to the strains of the jazz to which he was so patently addicted. There are many small touches of this sort that tickle the senses of the observant and if, like Guinness, you are once, overact just the tiniest bit, there's always the splendid performance of the irritating old lady to watch. Her name is Katie Johnson.

A Woman's Film

Those of you who think that only oil and cowboys come from Texas should pay a visit to "Lucy Gallant" and have your eyes opened. It appears that one of America's top fashion houses started there and the climax of the picture is a dress show featuring some startling designs by Edith Head.

This is a woman's picture. The story could easily have been a Joan Crawford vehicle except that Lucy Gallant herself is not quite ruthless enough for the Crawford brand of histrionics.

In all other respects however it could have been a Crawford picture.

Lucy Gallant descends on the booming oil town of New City with an expensive and fashionable thing wrong—no husband. It seems that he has jilted her and Miss Wyman's obstinate little jaw sets tightly as she makes up her mind to show them and at the same time to Cut Men Out Of Her Life For Ever!

She starts off by selling her trousseau at a fantastic profit to the fashion-hungry women of the town. There is a lot of surplus cash floating about and in the nearest possible way Lucy decides to get her share.

Charlton Heston is Jane Wyman's romantic partner in "Lucy Gallant", the picture they spearhead with each other (it's the sort of film).

There's not a great deal for those two excellent character actresses, Thelma Ritter and Claire Trevor to do and Charlton Heston isn't called upon for much more than his ruggedness and suggestion of a swagman in the outdoor scenes. In addition I can't believe that anyone as pleasant, kind and charming as Jane Wyman could have built up from nothing, and single-handed too, the largest clothing store in Texas. The clothes are interesting though.

A Lot Of Fun

My favourite grouse, as regular readers of this column may recall is that American film titles in the main are misleading and sometimes in bad taste, while British films, though titled more appropriately for the type of film they represent are often wordy and without popular appeal.

I must confess that I went to "Hot Blood" with a strong prejudice against it—the title alone was almost enough to dissuade me, the advertisement pictures nearly completed the job.

It's happy I am to report that the picture is almost Irish in its lighthearted cheerfulness, there's a cameo performance from Luther Adler as a very sophisticated New York style spy king and Jane Russell and Cornell Wilde are a couple of people who would enliven any party—if you had the silverware insured against theft and the glass against wanton breakage.

The story is slight. Father, Joseph Calleia, and daughter

Jane Russell, are two gypsies from Chicago who make their living by the beauty of Jane. It's all quite innocent really—and even involves marriage, a family of gypsies who have an eligible son, a down payment is made by the son's family, and the wedding is arranged.

At the ceremony Jane (looking more buxom and healthy than ever before) becomes ill. Her sorrowing father leads her away, young brother has the car engine running outside and before anyone can say "Gitano" off go the three of them with the marriage money and a potential bride for whom to contract a marriage in yet another American town.

Father isn't such a good business man after all though. He hasn't taken into consideration the possibility that his daughter might fall seriously in love with one of the candidates.

No Resemblance

I have read Christopher Isherwood's book on which the picture, "I am a Camera" is based, and had I not been told in the publicity notes that the film owed its origin to the book I would not have detected the slightest resemblance.

The book was a highly personal comment by an intelligent student on life in the days when Hitler was climbing step by step to power. The film relegates Isherwood himself to an ineffectual clown of a fellow, a weak hypochondriac who allows the obnoxious Sally Bowles to treat him as a door mat. It is her film entirely and never for a second does she let you forget it.

Sally Bowles is played by Julie Harris. She gives a pantomimic performance inspired by the conventional conception of a 1920 flapper—noisy, flamboyant, exhibitionistic, obsessed by the desire to be thought shocking and therefore emancipated and about as pleasant to have around as a young viper.

I have rarely seen anyone work so hard in front of the camera—she completely steals the show from Laurence Harvey, and as for poor Shelley Winters—her few lines and wooden delivery of them will never advance her acting career. There are good performances by Lea Seid as landlady and by the brilliant American on whom Sally prays for a time, but Isherwood himself might have had more life if he had been played by someone other than Laurence Harvey.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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WEDDING NIGHT
WHIP DANCE!

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JANE RUSSELL

CORNEL WILDE

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Color by TECHNICOLOR



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5 SHOWS

"HOT BLOOD"

At 11.30 a.m.

ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only

Universal

COLOR CARTOONS

REDUCED PRICES!

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GAY! PROVOCATIVE! NAUGHTY!

Julie HARRIS • Laurence HARVEY
Shelley WINTERS • Ron RANDALLthe biggest double exposure
since Adam and Eve!

I am a Camera

Directed by HENRY CORRELIUS • Screenplay by JOHN COLLIER

From the play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN

Based upon the story by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

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Marlon Brando

Jean Peters

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A SELECTED PROGRAMME

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THE BEST ITALIAN OPERA

Anna Caldarola The BOSSI in

LOVE OF A CLOWN

(FAGLIACCI)

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

English subtitles

TO-NIGHT

At 8.00 p.m.

SUN YIM YANG CANTONESE OPERA

"LADY WEST" (花西)

Admission: \$10, \$7.50, \$5, \$4.70 & \$2.40

Coming Very Soon

Roxy & Broadway

LEE

TO-NIGHT

At 8.00 p.m.

SUN YIM YANG CANTONESE OPERA

"LADY WEST" (花西)

Admission: \$10, \$7.50, \$5, \$4.70 & \$2.40

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

From: London Is it possible to strangle yourself? Tokyo Police Develop Electric Baton. Hollywood A 10-year-old objects to tax.

HE TRIED TO STRANGLE HIMSELF —BUT STOPPED IN TIME

By PHILIP PURSER

London. Dr Keith Simpson, the Home Office pathologist, revealed recently how he once tried to strangle himself in the interests of forensic science.

Taking part in a BBC radio feature on the pros and cons of capital punishment, Dr Simpson said:

Ulcers Operation Is '90 pc Success'

Los Angeles. A British surgeon reported that a London hospital has developed an operation for duodenal ulcers which is 90 per cent successful.

Dr Norman Tanner, a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons at St. James Hospital, London, said the operation has been used for the last 10 years in London on about 250 patients.

The operation involves cutting out sections of the two vagus nerves, shutting out the excessive flow of acids. Dr Tanner told a medical conference recently.

The vagotomy was first used in about 1908 but later dropped because it resulted in a number of cases of stomach paralysis.

The addition of a second step to the operation—creating an opening in the stomach to allow discharge of contents—has made the vagotomy successful in treating duodenal ulcers, Dr Tanner said.—United Press.

Useless Gun—But Fined \$5

Pearl. A 150-year-old muzzle-loading rifle, tied up with wire, cost an Atlanta, Johannes Makombola, \$5 in court recently.

A policeman gave evidence that the gun could not be shot and Johannes had lost the interest. It was not worth a shilling, he said.

Unmoved, the magistrate found Johannes guilty of keeping a firearm without a licence and fined him \$5.—China Mail Special.

Mayor At 20

Berne. Mr Mario Cremona, who is just 20 years old, was elected mayor of the village of Arosio in the Canton of the Ticino. He is believed to be the youngest mayor in Switzerland and probably one of the youngest in Europe.—China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Such dumb problems! I wouldn't be able to stand that school except tomorrow teacher's going to let me help her with her income tax!"

Tokyo Police Develop Electric Baton

HONEST DENNIS GETS A REWARD

London. Thirteen-year-old Dennis Gregory, who found £100 at a London Tube station, has discovered that honesty DOES pay. It pays one new, gleaming bicycle.

He found the money—38 £5 notes—in a brown-paper parcel at Charing Cross Underground last December.

He showed it to his father. Then the money was handed in to the London Transport. Lost Property Office.

The time in which the money could be claimed by the person who lost it expired.

But, it was learned, under the regulations, the London Transport Executive could not give Dennis any part of the money as a reward.

'Appreciation' The Chairman of the Executive, Sir John Elliot, considered the matter.

Then a senior official of the L.T.E. told Dennis and his parents that the boy was to be given a present, after all.

Dennis wondered. Should he ask for a wireless, a record player, a bicycle, or a dog? He chose a bicycle.

Last week officials chose a £5 bike. In a few days it will be presented to him at his home in S.E. London.

"It is a gift from the Executive to the boy to show their appreciation for his honesty," said a London Transport official.

Said Dennis contentedly: "I've always wanted a bike."

And the £100? Part will go to the Lost Property Office running costs, and part to a benevolent fund.

That's The Way The Money Goes

London. HIS wife entered into hire-purchase agreements totalling £1,878, with 35 firms, without his knowledge.

That is what Mr Gilbert Blankley, 53, engineers' storekeeper, of Normanton, told the Wakefield, Yorkshire, bankruptcy court recently.

Apparently, he said, his wife had the goods delivered and then removed and sold before he came home from work late in the evening.

Mr D. Stockwell, assistant official receiver, said claims from 14 firms concerned these items: 32 chairs, 23 washing machines, 23 carpets, 23 electric washers, 23 vacuum cleaners, 23 wardrobes.

Enough to fit out a mansion, said Mr Stockwell.

'In a mess' Blankley admitted unsecured liabilities of £1,878, all in respect of hire-purchase agreement claims; assets of £190, and a deficiency of £1,678.

In February 1955 he sold his house, he said, after his wife had told him she was in a mess with hire-purchase commitments.

She said £200 would clear her, and he gave her that. Later he learned that there were other hire-purchase commitments.

He admitted that he saw some of the goods in his house, but said his wife told him she was getting them cheaply from a warehouse and was selling them.

An Hour Late Alicante. Alejandro Martinez Pastor of Alicante, Spain, kept his bride waiting one hour at the church on his wedding day.

The reason? He had to supervise the dressing of his eleven children by a previous marriage.—China Mail Special.

Relic Of B.C. Greece Found

Athens. A German archaeologist who is supervising excavations in the site of ancient Olympia, unearthed a big jar which, he thinks, may prove to be one of the instruments which helped the sculptor Phidias construct the famous statue of Olympic Zeus.

The jar has been cleaned on the outside, but is full of earth and archaeologists are taking great care in emptying it. Later they will take it to the museum and study it thoroughly.

Phidias is known to have constructed the statue of Zeus in Olympia in the fifth century before Christ. Archaeologists believe the jar just unearthed may have been the one which Phidias used as a water container.

The statue of Zeus was made of ivory and gold.—United Press.

WINTERS ARE GETTING Milder

Chicago. People living today may never experience the severe winters their grandparents endured, says Chicago climate expert, Dr R. M. Page.

Dr Page bases this belief on a study of U.S. weather station statistics since 1871.

But instead of using the customary "average temperature" figures, he quotes the statistics known as "massed degree days."

These figures are used by the heating industry and give a

much more accurate picture of the trend toward milder winters," he said.

In computing the figures, 65 degrees is considered the normal, below which a householder must turn up the thermostat or shiver.

It is so high for the day is 65 and the low is 45, Dr Page said, the average would be 55 or 10 degrees below the norm.

These figures are used by the heating industry and give a

Faithful Dog Rewarded

Altena, W. Germany. A dentist has rewarded his faithful fox-terrier by fitting it with a gold tooth. The dog lost his tooth when attacked by a wild boar during a hunt.—China Mail Special.

1066 AND ALL THIS

Did King Harold Use Horses?

Cirencester. Six sturdy men in chain-mail armour walked 18 miles recently to prove that King Harold did it on a bigger scale in 1066.

The six, all members of the Surrey Walking Club, walked along 18 miles of a rutted grass track carrying shields and spears and wearing helmets to prove one of the most disputed points in British history.

Legend has it that King Harold walked his troops 200 miles in 10 days—carrying the same armour—in 1066 to fight and lose the battle of Hastings to William the Conqueror.

'Impossible' Some historians say the march was impossible without horses, which according to legend, Harold did not use.

The six walkers said he did not either. They proved, more or less, that it could be done by doing nearly 20 miles in one day.

One of them said after the march that he could have kept it up for another nine days.

"Certainly, as long as I didn't have to fight a battle afterwards," he said.

Which may be why Harold lost.—United Press.

INSTILLING DOCILITY WITH ELECTRICITY

Tokyo. An electric cudgel to enable policemen "to respect human rights" has been issued in Oita town, southern Japan.

A police spokesman said the new club, containing a built-in coil and twin dry batteries, could administer a 60-volt shock.

He said police dread such "brutalities" as beating or pushing and that the new club is an efficient method of making trouble-makers "docile".

The new weapon is to be submitted to the Tokyo Police Board for approval.—China Mail Special.

Uncle 'Kill Joy' Removed

Athens. The body of 61-year-old Zeln Spyralou was found in a ravine at the village of Delaporta, in Cephalonia.

Investigations showed that five women relatives, including his sister and two nieces, killed him because he would not let them live their own life and have a good time with young men.

The coroner's verdict was that he was hacked to death with knives and scissors.—China Mail Special.

TAX TROUBLES BEGIN AT 10

Hollywood. A pig-tailed 10-year-old girl is complaining about her income tax bill.

She is Patty McCormack, star of Broadway, TV and movies. "I've been a taxpayer for six years," she said. "I began modelling when I was four, and ever since they've made me pay taxes."

"It isn't fair," Patty is in Hollywood to co-star with young Brandon de Wilde in "An Episode of Sparrows."

'Like Punishment' The pint-sized actress, holding court in her suite at the Ritz Hotel, launched into an uncomplicated analysis of the income tax problem.

"One lucky thing for me," she said, "is that Daddy takes care of all these forms."

"Income tax is like punishing the people who make money."

"They ought to take money away from loafers who don't work—not from the people who work hard for a living," said Patty.

"My daddy is a fireman. He has to pay income tax too. My mother works as hard as I do on my career, but she doesn't get paid. So it's plain to see this income tax just isn't right."

"I'm saving my money these days," she continued. "A girl never can tell when she's liable to be out of work. But I guess it doesn't matter how much they take away from me. I only get a dollar a week allowance—and I don't always collect that."—United Press.

Tip Top

Auckland. A wrong number proved to be the right one for an Auckland resident.

His name is John but is also known as Jack.

A stranger telephoned his number recently and asked for "Jack."

When told it was Jack the stranger told him to back two horses racing that day and then rang off.

He did. He won £58.—China Mail Special.

LOST SCREW MADE THEM LATE

Utrera, Spain. Workers who commute between Utrera and Seville were an hour late for work recently because a screw fell out of one of the pistons. The passengers and train crew fanned out along the track and found it after searching for an hour.—United Press.

Instructions In Art Of Bank Robbery

Ottawa. Between 500 and 600 citizens of Calgary, Alberta, are going to a "bank robbery" school, to teach them how to foil bank robbers.

The course takes place at the Calgary city police station and is attended by bank clerks from virtually every chartered bank in town.

The instructors are Sergeant of Detectives Bruce McCannell, and Detective Gordon Gilkes. It includes lectures with slides and demonstration of firearms. Round table discussions are a main feature.

During the course, great emphasis is placed upon accurate observation. One of the main problems of the police arises from conflicting evidence of eyewitnesses and conflicting descriptions of the armed robbers.

Photographic slides depicting hold-ups are flashed onto a screen and the bank clerks are required to note down everything they observe in the scene. Police say that accuracy of observation can be greatly increased by practice.

Very little encouragement is given to bank clerks anywhere in Canada or to other witnesses to risk being killed by resisting armed robbers, unless they have the jump on them.

But police insist that ordinary precautions can do much to foil the robbers or at least to ensure their being brought to book after the crime.—China Mail Special.

GPS TOLD: RESPECT GERMAN FLAG

Bonn. The United States 10th Infantry Division has started a campaign to familiarise its troops with the flags of the West German federal and state governments, and other German national symbols.

Lieut-Col Paul C. Miller, commanding the division, has pointed out that the campaign could "conceivably prevent a lot of embarrassment caused by a natural lack of knowledge."

He has told his troops that Americans are not the only people on earth to reverberate flags and other symbols of liberties.

Just As Important

German governments on both national and state levels have flags of their own and these flags are just as important to Germans in their national life as ours are to us," a headquarters announcement said.

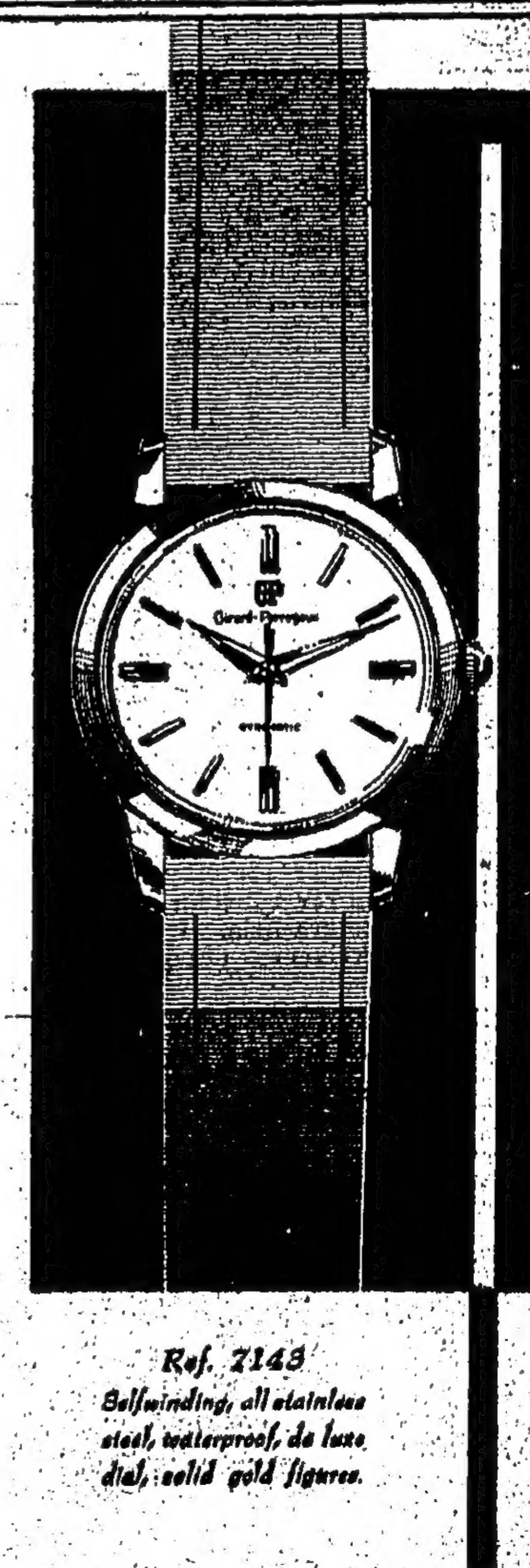
"Remember one thing about these flags and symbols. Most of them had their origins far back in the past," the troops were told. "They have been around a long time and are likely to survive for the rest of recorded history."—China Mail Special.

'Be Kind To Bakers'

Sydney. Sydney housewives have been told: Be nice to your baker or your deliveries may cease.

Because of a serious shortage of carboys, bread deliveries are being by a slim thread," the city's master bakers warned.

They appealed to housewives: "Be tolerant and pleasant. Don't insist on delivery to the tradesman's entrance. Treat him with courtesy."—China Mail Special.



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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SQUADRON Leader John Nelson Boyd, 32, who is to lead the Royal Air Force Canberra bomber squadron in the forthcoming Monte Bello atom tests. His plane will fly over after the explosion. Says he of his squadron: "They are an excellent bunch of chaps, and we are all looking forward to a new experience." (Express)



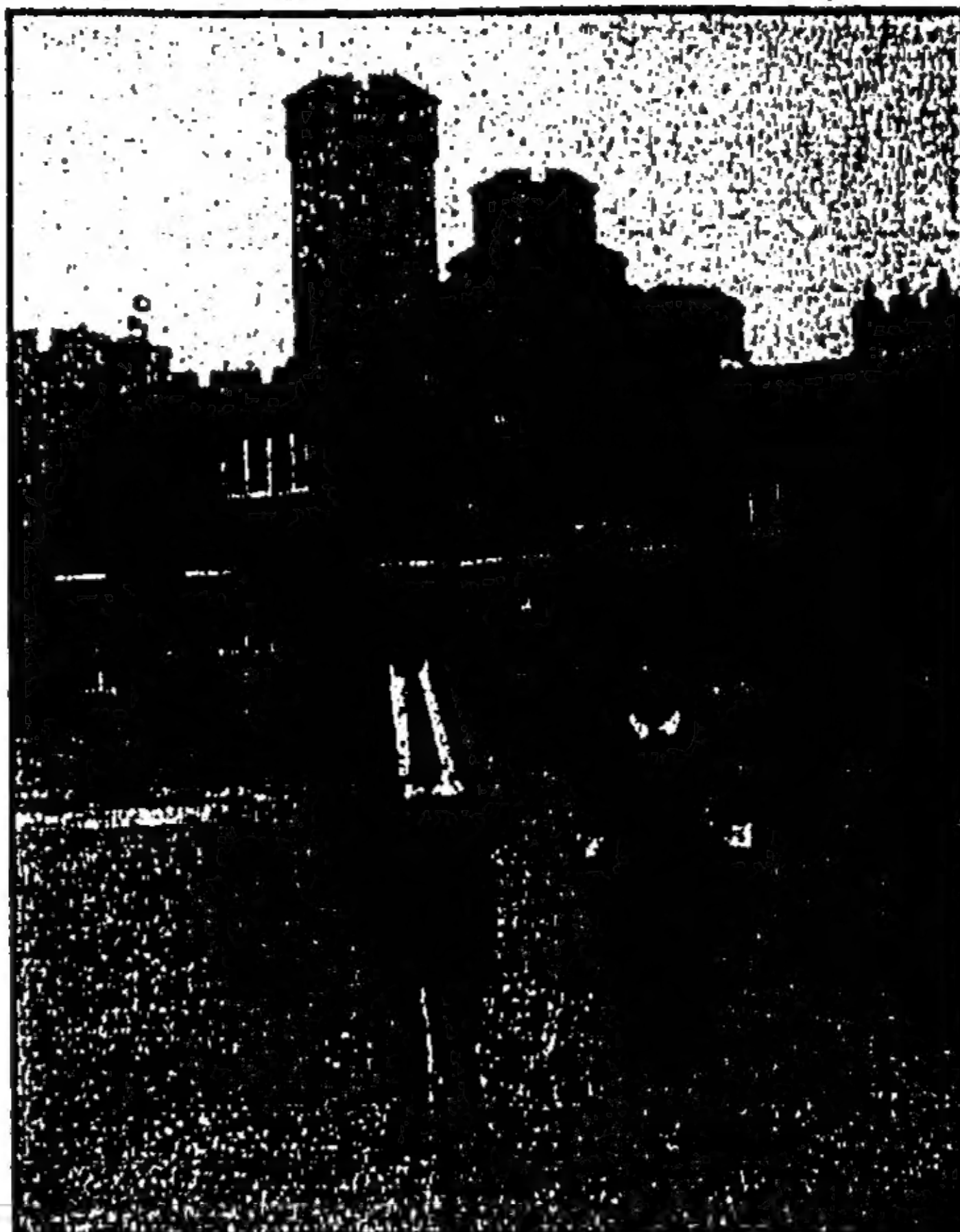
LEFT: Boys the world over always enjoy "a good fight," so naturally boys' boxing clubs, where they can fight to their hearts' content and no one will say "don't," are very popular. One of these is in Leyton, where Colin Carey, 10, is getting ready for a practice bout. Fred Goodman, 12, adjusts Colin's head-guard.



AMONG their many commitments, the authorities of the Royal Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, are looking after this Goshawk for a British Army officer. It is about a year old and comes from Europe and Western Asia. It is seen being handled by the birds of prey keeper, Mr Ernest Scrivener. (Army News)



SALLY, a British Dalmatian at Basingstoke, Hampshire, might have been a star of the show bench but for her motherly nature. She has had 56 puppies in four years, neatly divided into four litters of 14. Here mummy gives a kiss to her youngsters. (Express)



FORT BELVEDERE, the fantastic toyland home that has been empty since Edward VIII left it in December 1936, has a new owner. He is Gerald Lascelles, cousin of the Queen. Mr and Mrs Lascelles seen strolling across the terrace. (Express)



BRIGADIER C. Wieler, the Governor of the Tower of London, marching to inspect the Yeoman Warders prior to the traditional Easter Day service.



THE pretty, 15-year-old on the left has never danced, never had pocket money, has no boy friends. She's Renee Martz, teenage evangelist from the USA, now in Britain for a one-month tour. She is accompanied by her parents and tutor. (Express)

PRINCESS CHRISTINA of Hesse, niece of the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, who have announced their engagement. The Prince runs a 160-acre farm in Sussex. The Princess went from Germany to England a few months ago. (Express)



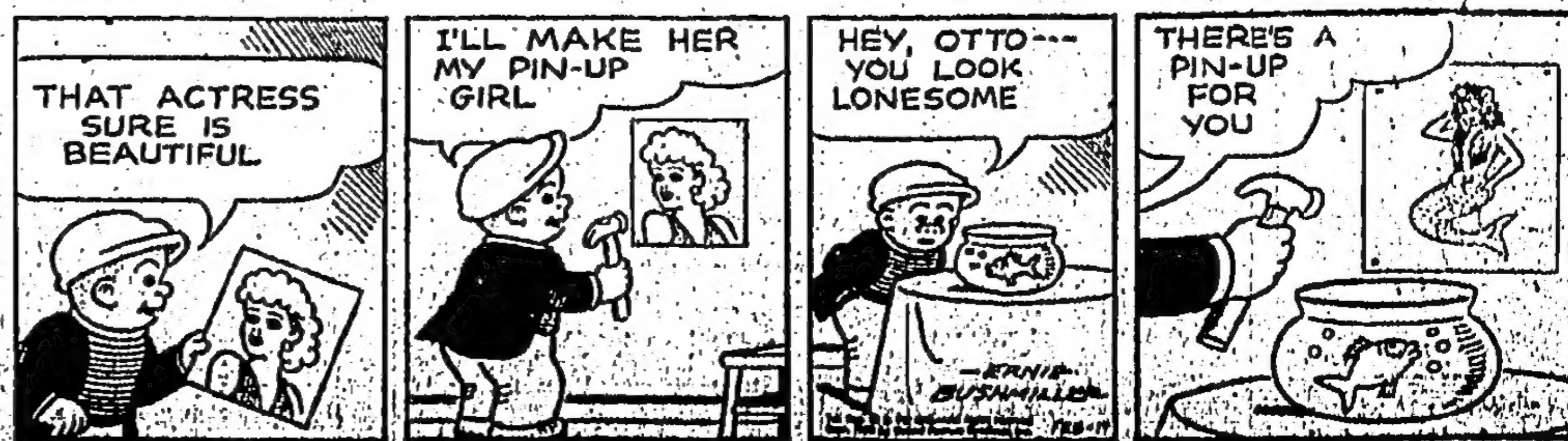
A British peeress, Leila Viscountess Bangor, 37-year-old former third wife of the present Viscount, is working as a cook in a country house near the Surrey village of Ewhurst. Says the Viscountess, whose marriage was dissolved in 1951: "I do this kind of work to help my son's education." Viscount Bangor is the former Edward Ward, of the BBC. Her seven-year-old son, William, is heir to the title. (Express)



TASMANIAN-BORN actress Merle Oberon is in London to make a television series, and will stay in Britain for three months. This is her first visit to Britain in three years. She normally lives in Hollywood. The late Sir Alexander Korda made her a star overnight. (Express)

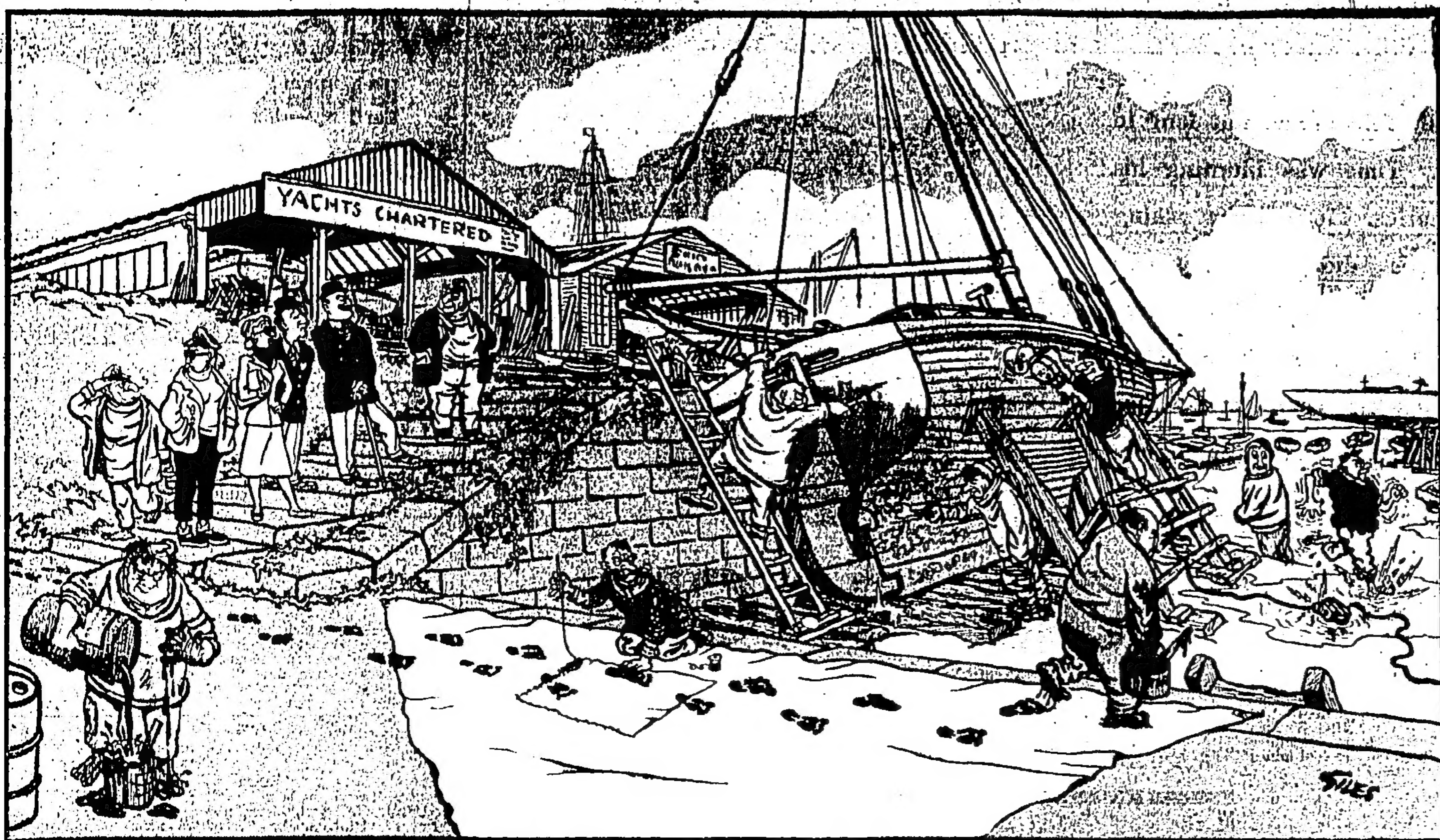
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"I dare say I can get the ship cleaned up in time for Grace Kelly's wedding, but I can't promise the same thing about the crew."

London Express Service

LONDON'S TEDDY BOYS: What are the facts?

DON'T QUOTE ME, SAID THE CLUB LEADER...

.. I'M AFRAID OF REPRISALS

AMONG the heavy, ugly blocks of council flats in Cherry Gardens Street, Rotherhithe, I searched for the home of Joseph Fell, bus conductor. At the greengrocers, they knew him.

Warming her hands over a brazier inside the shop, a woman assistant said: "Jim Fell, you mean? The one that got it from the Teddy Boys? That's him, across the street."

He might have been mistaken for an old man, almost blind. He wore dark glasses. He moved slowly, uncertainly. Beside him, patiently, walked his mongrel pet.

Kick and run

When he went to work on November 11, he was a vigorous 53. He had been twenty years a bus conductor; had served through the blitz, knew many of the regulars on the 101-minute route from Camberwell Green to Chingford.

At 11.35 p.m., on the last trip that day, four Teddy Boys got on the crowded bus. Two went upstairs. Two remained on the platform.

Fell asked them to go either upstairs or inside. They refused. He insisted. Their two friends joined them from upstairs. Together they pushed Fell to the floor, kicked his face and fled. Not a single passenger went in pursuit.

For two months the conductor lay in hospital. Doctors saved, for certainty, one of his eyes. They are not, says Fell, so sure of the other.

String ties

That was how one man learned to take Teddy Boys seriously. Now meet another, the Rev. James Butterworth, rugged, pint-sized parson who runs Clubland, Walworth Road, one of London's several large-scale clubs for boys and girls.

During a Clubland dance, several Teddy Boys, wearing

by
ROBERT J. EDWARDS

offensively. Mr Butterworth asked them to leave. The Teddy Boys—grotesque in their tight, high-bellied drainpipe trousers, string ties, velvet lapels and long, draped coats—went berserk. They smashed crockery, wrecked furniture, tore out electric fittings, broke up valuable stage equipment, ripped posters from the wall, and flooded the place.

When the rioting Teddy Boys made their exit into the squalid street, several hundred pounds' worth of damage had been done. Now, for the first time, Clubland has no head boy. "It would not be safe for him," Mr Butterworth has explained. For the first time, too, the club has conferred itself defeated by the evil in young men. All but the most timid Teddy Boys are banned.

Darkest side

Of the many club leaders I questioned, not one did not regard the Teddy Boys as, at the very least, a problem. The Rev. Ronald Marshall, 29-year-old warden of Bermondsey Settlement, has resisted understandable pressure from his committee to exclude Teddy Boys following acts of vandalism.

Said a South London club leader, who has worked for 30 years on the darkest side of the city: "I came had the enlightened view about Teddy Boys. We allowed them into the club in the hope of making something decent out of them. They contributed nothing but trouble in the end, at dances, at socials, at stage shows."

"They were a bad influence, because the weaker type of boy saw something to admire in these tough characters. They copied

producing ten-shilling notes when ordering a cup of tea. "Only in the gymnasium did we have no trouble. The Teddy Boys never went near the place. That is the big difference between them and the prewar toughs. The Teddy Boy is essentially a coward and a bully."

This club leader, who now forbids Teddy Boys, asked me not to mention his name. "I am afraid, not of publicity, but of reprisals," he said. "Several of my boys have been beaten up."

Born lazy

Mr Harry Moore, superintendent of the John Street Methodist Youth Club, in the shadow of Tower Bridge, is less critical of Teddy Boy manners. "They are born lazy. They have had it easy," is his severest criticism. "They don't feel inclined to play even table tennis unless you put up the table for them. And they are remarkably fussy about their appearance."

You very seldom see a Teddy Boy wearing dirty shoes, whereas boys of 15 and 16 always had dirty shoes in this district. "When we went camping in Cornwall, four of our more serious Teddy Boys were their complete Edwardian regalia—'Slim Jim' bootlace ties, imitation brocade waistcoats, the lot—every time they went outside the camp. The temperature was frequently in the eighties."

A club leader was asked by the police to prefer charges against a small group of Teddy Boys who had razor-finished suits and smashed picture frames. He refused: "I am a parson," he said.

That night a man was beaten up by, so it was suspected, the same Teddy Boys. Back came the police to the club leader. "You should have done your duty," they said. "Then one man would have been spared."

Far and wide across London the Teddy Boys have spread. They are in the West, in the East, in the South, in the North, in

east, Finchley in the north; wherever there are poorer homes you will find Teddy Boys. And wherever there are Teddy Boys there has been trouble. Always the emphasis is on bullying.

Police cars sent to Tooling Broadway to clear the pavements of Teddy Boy gangs... an American soldier attacked by 12 Teddy Boys at Kenton, only a mile or two from Harrow, and taken to hospital, severely injured... a youthful stranger's face badly cut by a gang of Teddy Boys outside a Rialto cinema... an 81-year-old school-master assaulted outside a Dulwich bank... a 16-year-old Scout stabbed in the back on a Hampstead Heath. Said his mother: "There has been a lot of trouble in this district. It is not safe for decent youngsters to be out at night."

Such examples can be multiplied by the score. Nobody knows how many Teddy Boys there are. Estimates vary wildly between 10,000 and 30,000. But certainly these youthful gangs have come close to terrorising some parts of London, especially in the vicinity of dockland on the south side of the river and in parts of the East End.

Serious nuisance

They are a serious nuisance elsewhere notably in Richmond, where they migrate on summer evenings, Wandsworth, Ham, Putney, Camden Town, Leyton, Stamford, and even as far out as Gillingham. As one citizen said to me: "You cannot just dismiss these boys as a nuisance. They do not exist. They do. And if they do, something must be done about them."

The city's Town Clerk, in consequence, raised the nomination for the election. The nomination forms for Glasgow's municipal election, wrote beside the question "Nationality?" the word "Scottish."

The Nationalists then made a

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THE VENGEANCE OF PRIVATE POOLEY—5... adapted from the book by CYRIL JOLLY

THE STORY SO FAR

ON May 27, 1940, nearly 100 officers and men of the Second Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, were captured by the Germans at Le Paradis in France. They were marched into a field and shot down by machine-gun fire. Only two men escaped—Private Albert Pooley, who was badly wounded in the leg, and Private William O'Callaghan. Pooley, who vowed to be revenged on the officer responsible for the crime, spent three years in French and German hospitals. He was repatriated, unfit for further service, in 1943. O'Callaghan spent the rest of the war in prison camps, and returned to England in 1945. As the only survivors, they did not dare mention the atrocity while they were in German hands, but both men reported it on their return. No notice was taken of their reports.

ALBERT POOLEY was discharged from the Army in March 1944, and started work at Hayes Post Office, Middlesex. He had a driving job at first, but one day the door of his van swung on his injured leg and chipped the damaged bone. Months of hospital treatment were necessary. He had to be content with a light indoor job.

But if his physical condition was bad, he was in an even worse state mentally. As the months lengthened into years, he felt that the authorities intended to do

nothing about the crime at Le Paradis. There was nothing so positive as a conspiracy of silence. The whole thing was simply ignored, as if the CO, and Nobby, and some 90 others had not been murdered in cold blood at all.

Only his wounded leg still reminded Pooley of the events of that far-off day—his leg and Nobby's lighter, the keepsake he had taken from the pocket of his murdered friend in the pit where they lay. Every time he used the lighter, it seemed to reproach him for not keeping faith with the dead.

Disbelieved

But what could he do? From the beginning he had been disbelieved. "A cock-and-bull story," the officer in Bethune hospital had called it. The security officer at Richmond had dismissed it with contempt. When a neighbour of Pooley, a man he had known for years, said it was "just propaganda," it seemed the last straw.

Day and night, mostly night, when he got to bed, the whole thing went round and round in his mind until he felt he was going mad. Perhaps he was wrong, and everyone else was right. Perhaps it hadn't really happened. Perhaps he really was imagining things, had got things twisted.

Could he be suffering from delusions? His leg was an ever-present source of distress; he suffered from illness; there were money problems; his little girl was unwell. Life became almost unbearable.

His doctor sent him to Roehampton hospital for six weeks rest, diet and treatment. The rest did him good, but he had not been out long before he was deep in the same slough of doubt and misery.

He tried to do his light job at the post office but it was hard work. Only his unusual power of will kept him going. On one or two occasions he collapsed on reaching his own doorstep.

Mrs Pooley recalls these days and nights with horror. She dreaded the nights especially. She did what she could with the medicine and drugs prescribed. She prepared the diet ordered by the doctors. But they did little to ease her husband's suffering of body and agony of mind.

Hideous dreams

With sleep came hideous dreams, that racked him and set him screaming and sobbing by her side. At times she would try to hold him and soothe him, but the torment of his mind drove him beyond consolation.

Night after night he called in his sleep to the comrades whom he had left in the pit in the green meadow at Le Paradis. He begged them to help him, to help his struggles. Mrs Pooley heard him cry, "I'll wipe the slate clean, Nobby." "I'll get the swine, Bill." "I'll make him pay for this, it's the last thing I do."

"Sometimes," says Mrs Pooley, "he would call their names as though reading a list and would then fall back exhausted with a sob. I knew the names of many men I had never heard him speak about when awake. He didn't say what he had to wipe out, but I knew something terrible had happened out there in France. I asked him what it was but he wouldn't say."

Through those pain-drenched days and terrifying nights, one thought took root and grew steadily in Pooley's mind: "I must go back to Le Paradis. If I don't I shall lose my sanity." He had to reassure himself. Time was blunting the edges of his memories. By going back to the meadow, he could prove that what he thought had happened had happened.

An operation

He was not in a fit state to make the journey. Indeed, the hospital authorities now told him that, without a very serious operation, he could not hope to carry on much longer. The ulcers had at last been located in the shadow of the spine.

Pooley felt he had not long to

live. Time was blunting his

memories. He was now asking

himself: did the massacre

in the meadow really take

place? By going back to Le

Paradis he could prove that

it did... and get things

moving before it was too late.

I MUST GO BACK

to



She cried

If, obtained a passport and bought his tickets.

Ten days before he went, Jeanette, his second child, was born. She was named after the mother who had helped him before, and to whom he was turning again. Mrs Pooley had only been up a day or so, and when she saw her husband go she could not keep back the tears.

Sitting in the French train, Pooley was overwhelmed by weakness and loneliness. "I thought 'What the use of it all anyway? They're dead and nothing I can do will bring them back. Let the whole thing drop.' I also thought of how I had left Connie at home and I just felt like turning back there and then. Then I lit a fag with Nobby's lighter, and I knew I was doing the right thing."

It was a very tired man who pushed open the door of the train at Bethune one September evening in 1946, and saw the motherly figure of Madame

Desruelles standing behind her counter.

Glasses were set up and corks popped. Pooley relaxed. The first stage of his pilgrimage had been completed.

Pooley had not been at the restaurant long before word reached the Caron family, to whom he was so much indebted. They were soon round to clasp his hand and embrace him.

The Englishman was flustered. Only his evident ill-health

marred the enjoyment of the French folk at his return.

Pooley asked how he could go to Richebourg and Le Paradis. Richebourg was the home of a French soldier he had met while a prisoner-of-war. He had given Pooley his address and the Englishman knew it was somewhere near Le Paradis.

He did not tell his friends in Bethune why he wanted to go to Le Paradis as not a word of the shooting had been mentioned to them and he had yet to prove his story.

Next day, his friend at Richebourg borrowed a car and driver. They cruised around for a time until Pooley, who had been looking about on either side, suddenly asked the driver to stop. He had seen in the distance the house where his battalion had made its last headquarters—and its last stand.

Durley Farm stood alone, large and conspicuous above the flat, hedgeless farmlands.

The car drew up at the farmhouse and Pooley got out. The house was new except for one part, but it had been built just like the house he had such good cause to remember.

As Pooley hobbled round the farmyard he relived some of the great moments of the Norfolk's last fight. In a ditch he saw a German and British helmet lying side by side. Many reasons' exposure had rusted them, and the straws were missing.

He walked out through the same doorway that had once led to captivity and unimaginable horror.

Nine days

From the Durley Farm they walked one hundred and fifty paces along the Rue du Paradis and turned into the by-road—Rue de Madagascars—with the car following them. They stood in front of the farm where they were told Madame Duquesne, Creton lived. Here, with O'Callaghan, he had spent nine agonising days and nights hiding in a pigsty, tended by Madame Creton.

He did not know her name, but as he limped into the yard he saw her. She was much altered. Years of labour and struggle had considerably aged her.

At the same instant Madame saw him. The expression on her face changed, not to joy but to surprise, and then terror. Throwing up her hands she promptly fainted.

NEXT SATURDAY:

Enter Colonel Scotland

WHO ARE THE ENEMIES OF SIR ANTHONY?

Let the Tories unite behind Eden. There ain't gonna be any other Prime Minister for a long time

By RICHARD STRONG

London. Who are the Tory mutineers, the MPs whose snippings and snarlings at Sir Anthony Eden fill the papers, and who seek to destroy him? No Prime Minister has ever suffered so cruelly at the hands of his party within so short a period of office. Upon this every commentator agrees.

Yet the names of the dissidents are not known in the constituencies which sustain them. They operate incognito. They plot, but not for a moment do the Tory women, devoted to their Leader, suspect them of the infamy they commit; nor the local Tory Associations know of the misdeeds of their chosen ones against the Prime Minister.

Outside the House of Commons, all is portrayed as bright and beautiful. Only within is there ferment and intrigue.

One man...

One man alone can be named. One brave spirit who has cast aside the shroud of anonymity. Mr Randolph Churchill.

Mr Churchill's onslaughts on the Prime Minister are pursued in *Parliamentary Debates*. They are scrutinised in *Spectator*.

For Mr Churchill is an outstanding political commentator. His *Evening Standard* column is quoted throughout the world. He has done immense damage to Sir Anthony among Britain's friends and enemies overseas.

Why does he lambast Eden? What are his complaints? I detect one above all. That Eden is no Churchill (Sir Winston).

That is true, Churchill (Sir Winston) is that rarity in British politics, a genius. Eden is not. But who will deny that as a politician he is supremely better qualified than Mr Randolph Churchill?

He is in the House of Commons. And he is Prime Minister. Mr Randolph Churchill, I have no doubt, would like to be Prime Minister. But he is not in the House of Commons. He has been having trouble getting there.

A ham actor is not necessarily a bad critic. But, in view of his failure as a politician, humility should subdue Churchill's criticisms of Eden as a Commons performer.

No one has ever heard the whole of a speech by Sir Anthony. That is perfectly true. He draws. His delivery is poor. He has to be read, and the clichés removed, to get the significance—if there is any.

But Eden will not be judged by the critics for his in the Commons. He will stand or fall on his policies, not on his epigrams.

The plot. On foreign and colonial questions, as I showed his record has been exemplary. As a man of peace, he has the trust of the people. He has achieved miracles.

So what outrage has he committed at home to justify the plot to unseat him? It is said he bungled the hanging question. Certainly that has been a fiasco. But it is improper and indefensible to blame the Prime Minister.

He has in his Government two ex-Chief Whips. They are Mr James Stuart and Mr Patrick Buchanan-Hepburn. It is their job to advise Eden on the temper and disposition of members of the House of Commons. They have no other use except to keep the Cabinet straight on the temperature in Parliament.

If the Tory mutineers want other advisers, they should attack this pretty pair—they are a handsome couple—and not the House of Commons. This is no way to win elections.

Let the Tories unite behind Eden. He is the best Prime Minister we are going to have for a long time. There ain't gonna be any other. (COPYRIGHT)

A year ago, the Tories took off the income tax. Now they are talking of putting it on again. It is right to put the tax back on now. It was wrong to take it off then.

Never before

Cars, refrigerators, all kinds of luxuries and semi-luxuries available from the factories into the homes of the people on an unprecedented scale.

Never before had so much wealth been produced from our industries. And the boom brought better wages. Ten million people had increased. There were fast overtime earnings. The number of strikes dropped dramatically.

Why then, the world was not neglected. Plans were laid for increased allowances for the sick, the aged, for the unemployed, for mothers, for those injured at work. The new benefits are starting to flow.

Was all this folly? I do not believe so. It was good for the nation. But folly indeed is the cure prescribed by Eden's critics.

The harsh deflationary policy they favour would put a million on the dole and end the boom. The Socialists, all their curdling profits would be slashed. And the cure would be to deprive a man of his job does not deprive him of his vote.

When they are stupid, Eden is intelligent. The gutter is rigidly controlled. Far better to little at first than too much.

These unsophisticated Tories would happily wreck their party in order to reincarnate a world that is dead. They should learn rule one for backwoodsmen: to deprive a man of his job does not deprive him of his vote.

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THE MONK OF THE PARIS FASHION WORLD LACKS ONE RIBBON

IN Paris where famous dress designers are as well known as film stars in Hollywood, 60-year-old Cristobal Balenciaga would pass almost unrecognized in any gathering. His photograph has not appeared in a Paris newspaper for 15 years and his collections have recently, at his own insistence, gone unreported.

His personal life is even more carefully shrouded from the public gaze.

Despite the fact that he has been one of the top Paris designers since 1937, he remains the "unknown" couturier. The "Monk" of the Paris fashion world.

Nevertheless he has succeeded in acquiring and retaining a fastidious clientele which is the envy of his more flamboyant rivals. The Duchess of Windsor gets her clothes from him, so does her former friend Mrs Charles Bedaux. So do virtually all the Rothschilds, and a select number of the most elegant women on both sides of the Atlantic.

His clothes reflect his personal and professional austerity. Black is his favourite colour, the lines are severely restrained, he uses the minimum of material, and designs anything too sexy or too frivolous.

Similarly, his models are unlike those of other fashion houses. Sit in his perfume-drenched salon and instead of the swart, waisted mincing mannequins of other houses you see rather statuesque women whose feet are firmly planted on the ground as they walk.

Professionally he is most admired for his sure taste and remarkable technical skill. He is not only a very talented designer, but a dressmaker in the strict sense of the word.

This may explain a fact which causes him some slight bitterness. It is that unlike other leading dress designers he has not yet been awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. A friend teasing him on this point said recently: "They probably

Paris Newsletter from SAM WHITE

He is a superb cutter and skilled with a needle. One of his famous clients has summed up her impression of his clothes in these words: "The first year I may be hesitant in wearing a dress of his. The second year I wear it and feel I am in the height of fashion."

"The third year I feel the dress has become part of me."

A rival designer expressed a grudging admiration in these words: "His eye is always directed unerringly towards true elegance; it never strays to the wholesale trade or the field of attention of the buyers."

Balenciaga is a Spaniard and who even as a child loved to stitch and sew, looks much younger than his 60 years. Of medium height, dark and slim, his large, piercing brown eyes give him a Valentino-like haughtiness.

He still lives in the modern six-roomed flat in Paris which he rented when he came here almost penniless from Spain. He has also acquired a country house and a farm near San Sebastian.

Restricted

He is rarely seen at fashionable parties or first nights and his circle of friends is a closely restricted one. He remains completely outside the turbulent intrigue and commercialism of the fashion industry.

This may explain a fact which causes him some slight bitterness. It is that unlike other leading dress designers he has not yet been awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. A friend teasing him on this point said recently: "They probably

know you will not wear it as it is not black."

A storm

NOTHING in France, it seems, is far removed from politics, not even the affairs of the stately Paris Opera. The present Socialist-led Government has brought a storm round its head by reappointing the opera's director, 61-year-old evil servant Georges Hirsch.

M. Hirsch, who in his post disposes of a budget of over a million pounds, had a stormy five-year reign over the opera before he resigned only to be reappointed by the present Government. Here are some of the highlights of these five years:

A tenor attempted to assassinate him. A fire broke out in mysterious circumstances in his offices. A famous dancing star was suspended for indiscipline and a series of legal actions based on a variety of allegations was started against him.

Among many charges made against him is that some of his most extravagant productions were such failures that they only played for two or three performances. M. Hirsch is a

member of the French Socialist Party.

Some mistakes

THE French Communist Party, the most Stalinist in Europe, is putting up the fiercest possible opposition to all attempts to tumble the Stalin legend.

Brief declaration by France's "Little Stalin," Maurice Thorez, that though "Comrade Stalin made some mistakes, his contribution to Socialism will live for ever."

All attempts inside the party to revive discussion on Stalin are being quite ruthlessly suppressed.

Those who seek to do so are being threatened with expulsion. There is no echo in the party Press of the ferment created by Moscow's denunciation of Stalin.

Meanwhile a former French Communist intellectual has started what he calls "the Georgian Society." Its purpose: "to keep alive the memory of Comrade Stalin and preserve his works which are fast disappearing from party bookshelves."

Membership will be restricted to those who have been formerly expelled from the party on charges of "Trotskyism," "Bukharinism," "Right Wing deviationism," and "Left Wing deviationism."

The founder of the society himself was expelled for none of these things. His failing was: "Bourgeois Bohemianism."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

MAJDALANY MEETS MONROE

MARILYN BEATS

THE MOGULS

Beginning the story of the most amazing deal in film history



"Him and me! That's what is so good about it."

STRONG-ARM BOSSES RULE HUSSEIN

SEFTON DELMER

newsmaps the situation in Jordan, where King Hussein is now almost the "prisoner" of two ambitious army officers, Ali Abu Nawar and Ali Hiar.

Amman. ARE we here in Jordan witnessing the greatest confidence-trick in history? A trick by which the young king is being led to believe he can establish himself as a dictator and national hero, while in reality he is being swindled out of his throne?

As I watched 21-year-old King Hussein the other day skidding his silver racer round hairpin bends in a hill-climb race against his palace friends, I wondered how much he really knew about what was going on at Arab Legion headquarters.

For, down in Amman, Lieutenant Colonel Ali Abu Nawar, leader of the "young officers' group" of the Arab Legion, the slinky night-clubber who, as the king's senior ADC, talked him into dismissing Glubb, was making a supreme division of the spoils with his rival for power, the strong-chinned, soldierly Colonel Ali Hiar.

Taking over

They were splitting up between their friends the succession of the British officers whom Sir Anthony Eden has insisted on withdrawing from all operational commands over Arab troops.

Colonel Ali Hiar, who in a week-end coup had taken the key post as chief of staff, has now moved up to succeed British General "Sammy" Cook as Commander of all Arab field units.

Lieutenant Colonel Ali Abu Nawar gave up the brigade which the coup had given him, and moved in to succeed the colonel as chief of staff.

Between the two of them, they now control the army. For their ranking superior, General Radi Arab, an elderly ex-policeman and successor to Glubb, is just a figurehead who, on every occasion I have met him, has referred to Colonel Hiar before giving an answer or decision.

And, their commander-in-chief King Hussein? He is their prisoner.

His removal of Glubb, followed by the British Government's refusal to leave him any British officers in "executive" commands, places him completely at the mercy of these two ambitious young officers.

The only card the king still has is the secret rivalry of his two strong men.

No, he is not, for this moment they are completely loyal. For the moment the king can elude that green and gold marshal's baton (from London's Regent Street), presented to him by his officers as a token of their devotion and obedience.

For the moment he can feel that through these two men he is the real commander-in-chief of the army, its real marshal. For that is the crux of the situation in Jordan. The young king has been convinced by these "around him—Ali Abu Nawar, the most important among them—that to save the country from the intrigues of corrupt politicians he must assume semi-authoritarian leadership of his people, based on the power of the army.

But if his strong men should play him false or oppose him, the king is lost. For opposition to his plans is most formidable.

FIRST, Nasser's Cairo radio which—along with Britain's surrender to the dictator—has given Nasser an almost mystic prestige in Jordan as in the rest of the Arab world.

SECOND, through Jordan's pro-Nasser coalition of above-ground nationalists and underground Communists who supported all the organized gangs for the riots of December and January; they are now reinforced by the release of their ringleaders, imprisoned by Glubb.

THIRD, Premier Samir Rifai and his present Cabinet, who resent the king's high-handed (and so far successful) attempts to impose his advice on them.

Popularity lost

Most of the popularity the king had won from sacking Glubb has been lost again because he refused to go to Cairo to take part in Nasser's anti-British conference.

If he wants to rule or even retain his throne, the young king has to make sure the army remains loyal to him.

And that depends on the two Men of Salt, as the two Ais are known. (Both Ali Hiar and Ali Abu Nawar were born and brought up in the Jordanian hillside town of Salt, famous for the toughness and independence of its citizens.)

Has the king been deliberately manoeuvred into this corner? Perhaps, to gratify the ambition of his officers or more sinister, in collusion with Nasser's agents, who for the last year have been aiming to capture Jordan and its army.

If Ali Abu Nawar and those in the "anti-Glubb" coup had plotted, it as a coup to put the king in their power and make it possible for them to deliver him into the hands of his Egyptian and Saudi enemies. Any time they wished, they could not have plotted better.

(Copyright)

THE talks which recently took place between Miss Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier may have been of less political importance than those occurring about the same time between President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden; but they were more fun and, in the long run, may do more for Anglo-American goodwill.

The announcement that Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. would make the film version of Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince" — with Sir Laurence and Miss Monroe as the stars — was one of the more fascinating pieces of entertainment news.

In London and New York, theatre, I have been looking into it a little more closely.

"In my opinion," Sir Laurence said to me in London, "Miss Monroe has an extremely extraordinary gift of being able to suggest one moment that she is the naughtiest little thing, and the next that she is perfectly innocent."

"The audience leaves the theatre gently lulled into a state of excitement by not knowing which she is, and enjoys it thoroughly. This ability to switch from one mood to the other, and keep the audience guessing, could be achieved only by an accomplished comedienne."

"You will like my new boss," Mr Rattigan said before I left for New York. "There is a childlike quality about her that is very touching."

"It is so incongruous," Miss Monroe told me in New York. "Him and me! That's what is so good about it."

As we talked, a boy wandered in and sat doodling. In due course we were introduced. His name was Jay Kanter. He muttered something about being Marilyn Monroe's agent.

Like Mr Greene, he too seemed extremely diffident.

Later, I learned that the boy (I cannot call him anything else) is also the agent of Grace Kelly and Marion Brande. He is said to be one of the cleverest in New York.

Even with my limited arithmetic it is not difficult to work out that ten percent of that trio should make it possible for Mr Kanter to live graciously.

A means

AS he is also the son-in-law of the head of Paramount, it might be thought that Mr Kanter, who is in his thirties, is a conspicuous example of the wisdom of wearing both belt and braces.

From Olivier and Rattigan in London, from the boy executives of Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. in New York, I was able to piece together the background to the story.

It seems it all began about a year ago. Vivien Leigh saw "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Knowing It" and told her husband that Marilyn would be perfect as the American girl in the film of "The Sleeping Prince."

Although Miss Leigh had herself played the part on the stage she had already decided that it would be better if an American actress did it on the screen. Sir Laurence saw "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Knowing It" and agreed.

"I am permanently looking for a comedy to do between Shakespeare productions and clever finding one," he told me. "And I thought it would be fun to do this with Marilyn if it could be arranged."

In the meantime, the same idea had occurred to other people, and Hollywood began to show an interest.

The conclusion of any business deal with a film company is a proceeding fraught with guile and evasion. It is a ritual in which stone-faced producers, agents and lawyers go through motions as formal as a ballet.

Like champagne

CABLES flow like champagne. The telephone never rests. Bluff meets bluff.

I call it the Ballet of the Stone-faced Men, and once the idea of Olivier and Monroe



OLIVIER

"It would be fun."

RATTIGAN

"You'll like my new boss."

KANTER

Both belt and braces.

GREENE

The Monroe Svengali?

appearing together had got into the air the ballet went into action.

George Cukor, the Hollywood veteran who has directed, among others, Garbo, thought he would like to do it. Weeks passed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer became interested.

The Ballet of the Stone-faced Men ground on like the "Svengali's Apprentice" played in double-slow time.

William Wyler, another outstanding director, thought he would like to do it. So did several others. Weeks turned into months. Then the red-blooded, buccannering John Huston joined the queue.

Huston, now living in Ireland, divides his time between hunting foxes and shooting pictures. Between stunts cups he fell into the habit of telephoning wildly to anyone who would listen, to say that he insisted on directing this team in this picture. As the team was not yet formally in existence no one could oblige him.

Astonished

THE months went by. The Ballet of the Stone-faced Men was not to be hurried. Hollywood does not do business like that. The ritual subtleties, stalling, and non-committal tentative demi-propositions had to go their full course.

It was after about a year of this that Mr Rattigan, chancing to be in New York, was told that Marilyn Monroe would like to meet him.

She said she wanted to buy the film rights of the play for herself anyway; but did he think there was any chance of Sir Laurence doing it with her? She was utterly astonished when Mr Rattigan said he thought there was. "You mean he really would do it? With ME?"

In New York Miss Monroe has since agreed that you could have knocked her down with

whatever is the American equivalent of a ton of feathers. She had hoped that Olivier would, like Berlioz, we'll see, but she had not dared to think seriously that it could happen.

And so it happened that while the great pandemics hesitated, the infant corporation named Marilyn Monroe Productions Inc. nipped smartly in and carried off the prize. Hollywood was hoist with its own egotism. The Knight and the Garter had finally come to terms.

(Copyright)

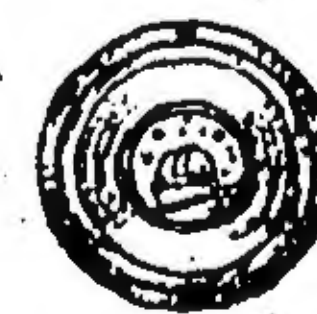
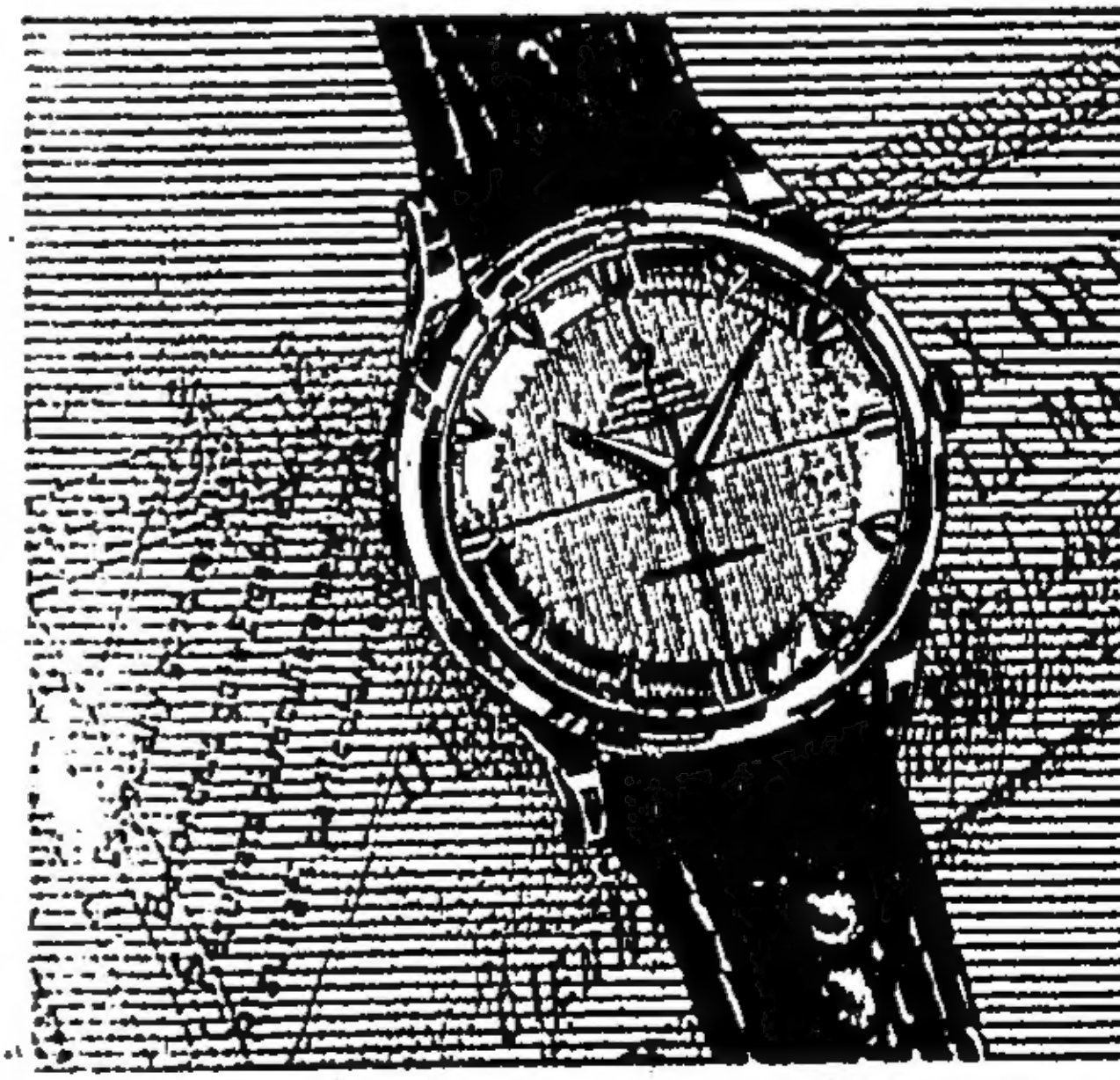
NEXT SATURDAY:
She Has A Mood
For Every Man

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One of the world's strangest stories

WORLD'S FIRST TEST PILOT

By Harry Harper

IT was an autumn evening in 1783. King Louis XVI of France, with his Queen and the ladies and gentlemen of their Court, were strolling in the grounds of the Palace of Versailles when an official came hurrying across the lawns.

"Three gentlemen from Paris ask for an audience with your Majesty," he said.

"Who are they?" asked the King.

"Two you will have heard of already, Sir. They are the brothers Montgolfier." The King nodded and asked who the third man might be.

"A young chemist from your Royal Museum—M. Pilatre de Rozier," replied the official.

Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier were certainly well known to the King. Their father, a papermaker at Annonay, made specially fine stationery for the Royal household.

Astonishing

"It is of this invention of yours—that balloon—that you wish to speak?" queried the King. And it was an astonishing story that he and his brother told to tell.

It all began on a November evening in 1782. They were sitting in front of a fire in their house at Annonay, speculating about the great problems which men of science had yet to solve.

"This smoke now," Joseph said. "This smoke and heated air from the fire which we see going up the chimney. If it could be imprisoned in some way, and made to exercise a lifting power, would it not raise something from the ground into the air?"

Etienne suggested the use of a round paper bag with



The hot-air balloon which carried De Rozier and D'Arlandes five miles across Paris.

an opening at the bottom. This was made, and a big chafin-dish was filled with a mixture of chopped straw and wool. But when set alight they found it was difficult to hold the bag over the chafin-dish. At this moment the widow of a tradesman, living opposite, saw smoke coming out of their window, and ran across to watch what was going on. She noted that the bag was difficult to hold, and she suggested attaching it to the dish by cords. This they did.

As soon as the bag was fully inflated with heated air the cords were cut and, to the delight of the brothers and the astonishment of the spectator, the bag lifted itself into the air and rose to the ceiling.

That simple experiment was the real beginning of man's conquest of the air.

A much larger paper bag sent up on an outdoor test rose to an estimated height of 600 feet.

The first living creatures to ascend into the air in any kind of man-made air machine were a sheep, a cockerel and a duck. Placed in a wicker basket beneath a big Montgolfier, they went up several hundred feet and sailed through the air for a mile and a half, coming slowly to earth as the hot air cooled.

The three occupants seemed none the worse; true, the cockerel was found to have a slight injury to one wing, but this was not due to the upper air but to a kick from the sheep!

Who Should be First?

Joseph and Etienne had come to ask the King for an important decision. They explained they had now learned enough to construct a balloon capable of lifting a man into the air. But who should be the first human being thus to be elevated? This was a matter, they both thought, for a Royal command.

The King was inclined to be sceptical. He thought that any human who ventured up in a balloon would be lucky to return to earth alive. But he made a constructive suggestion. In a Paris goal at that moment were two criminals under sentence of death. As their lives were already forfeit, suggested Louis, why not let them be the first to be sent up beneath this man-carrying balloon?

Before Joseph or Etienne could reply, young Pilatre de Rozier—hitherto silent—stepped forward.

"With all respect, Sir," he said, "the honour of being first in the world to leave the earth in flight is too great for a couple of criminals." The King raised his eyebrows.

"My request," answered De Rozier, "is that I myself may be allowed to make this first test." The King smiled, and gave his permission.

Up She Goes

For the first human ascent the Montgolfiers built a balloon larger than any previous one. It was constructed with an outer covering of linen specially impregnated and waterproofed, and an inner lining of toughened paper made in the brothers' own factory.

Its capacity was a little more than 60,000 cubic feet, and when fully inflated stood over 70 ft. high. Its greatest diameter was 50 ft., tapering to 10 ft. at the neck at the lower end. Inside this neck they fitted a large brazier attached by a series of stout cords. Round the outside of the neck they slung a wicker-work platform—the open air cockpit for the world's first aeronaut—and from there he was to feed bundles of straw into the brazier with a pitchfork to maintain the necessary heat.

On October 15, 1783, De Rozier, pale but composed, took his place on the platform and signalled for the tethering ropes to be paid out. For this first experiment it was decided that the balloon should be allowed to go up not more than 80 or 100 feet held captive by the ropes.

The balloon rose smoothly, with De Rozier leaning over the side of his gallery and waving to the crowd below. Up it went until it tugged at the restraining ropes, 100 feet or so above the ground.

For five minutes De Rozier kept the balloon straining at its ceiling limit. Then, by letting the fire die out, he came down gently for a perfect landing.

Another page

Surrounded by a cheering crowd, he lifted an arm for silence and called out:

"This day, my friends, will be remembered as long as there are men anywhere to remember anything, for it is the first time in history that a human being has risen from the ground and descended again safely, in a man-lifting air machine."

Captive ascents soon failed to satisfy De Rozier. He said he would turn another page in history by making the world's first free flight through the air. In this he did not find himself alone. One of the King's cousins, the Marquis d'Arlandes, had been fascinated by the Montgolfiers' experiments, and when it became known that De Rozier intended to make a free flight over Paris the Marquis asked to be allowed to accompany him.

De Rozier agreed, and the ascent was made from the Bois de Boulogne.

A light wind was blowing, and as the balloon rose slowly its occupants waved their hats to the crowd below. Drifting in a south-easterly direction, the balloon was soon more than 500 feet high. But now its two occupants found themselves faced by a sudden peril. Parts of the lower section of the balloon round the neck, just above the fire, began to smoulder.



No man had seen what De Rozier now saw—Paris from 500 ft. up... A "still" from a film of De Rozier's exploits

Fortunately they had been advised to take up with them two buckets of water and two large sponges. Seizing these, De Rozier and the Marquis began to wet the smouldering patches round the neck of the balloon. Dabbling as fast as they could at every point where fire was threatening, they managed to quench each outbreak.

Death of an Idol

By this time they had been in the air about 25 minutes, and had flown for between five or six miles across Paris. Having left the boulevards behind and seeing open ground beneath, they stopped stroking the fire. Slowly the balloon came down in a field near the Butte-aux-Cailles.

As soon as De Rozier and the Marquis stepped down from their gallery, smoke-begrimed but triumphant, they were surrounded by wildly-chattering spectators, some of whom seized De Rozier's coat and tore it into small pieces for souvenirs.

De Rozier became the idol of Paris. But he was still not satisfied. He felt improvements could be made in hot-air balloons and this led him to work out a design of his own. He planned to use not only hot air but also the newly discovered hydrogen gas. In an upper compartment of his balloon he

placed hydrogen to obtain a constant lift, while below was the hot-air chamber. He realised fully the inflammability of hydrogen gas but believed the two containers to be sufficiently far apart.

And so a composite balloon of this type was built under De Rozier's supervision. In its first ascent, when he was joined by a friend, M. Romain, the balloon rose about 3,000 feet.

Suddenly there was a flash of fire just above the balloon. This was followed by flashes of flame, and a moment later the balloon was torn to pieces by a violent explosion.

A spark

The worst had happened—a spark had burnt its way into the hydrogen bag. With tattered pieces of fabric streaming behind the balloon crashed to the ground, killing both De Rozier and his companion instantaneously.

So the name of this young Frenchman is written twice in history, once as the first man ever to leave the ground in any man-made air machine, and secondly as the first aeronaut in the world to lose his life in an air disaster. He was also the first of a long line of test pilots to die while striving for greater safety in air travel.

(COPYRIGHT)

MY 30s. SECRET OF THE DESERT

From TOM POCOCK

SIX yards of Damascus, brocade, size eight... Turkish Delight... a Bokhara carpet. That was the Middle East shopping list compiled for me by London friends who well knew they would be lucky to get a postcard of the Pyramids.

But, then, SHE had said, "Bring me one of the perfumes of Arabia."

So my quest began. I looked not for the dinky little scent bottles in huge cardboard boxes you buy in Europe. I wanted a true Arabian perfume to conjure with the scent of black narcissus, the song of nightingales in the flame trees and the diamond-glitter of stars over the desert.

In the dusty labyrinth of the Mouky bazaars of old Cairo, where the coppersmiths hammer and the donkeys bray and the sunlight filters through latticed awnings, I found my goal.

INTO THE PALACE

OVER a Moorish arch was written in gilt Victorian lettering: "The Palace of Perfumes." I remembered that the proprietor, a Mr Ahmed Soliman, was indeed, as he advertised, "A Purveyor of Oriental Perfumes of the Most Exclusive Grades and Entrancing Kinds to a Great Number of the Royal Families."

Inside, the Palace of Perfumes, dim-lit, is furnished with heaped cushions, low brass-topped tables and lattic screens. A little fountain splashes.

Old Mr Soliman, who looked a little like Farouk, died several years ago, and his son, who looks little like Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, reigns in his stead. Over

cup of thick, black coffee we began to talk business.

Ahmed Soliman Jun., offered some intense of Arabi "No perfume the house of the office," some scented cigarettes—"Mr Noel Coward like these very much"—and a curious tonic, to be taken in coffee, which, says the label, "will, for a time, reopen the Portals of the Realm of Youth."

Mr Soliman explained about Oriental scent. He told me about the contributions of whales, cats, deer, and the Russian beaver.

And he told me about flower scents: "For one ounce of perfume we take 300 lb. of flowers, but for the Duke of Windsor we make special perfume for each ounce one room full of blossom!"

ANAESTHETIC

HEAVY perfume is best for older women, I was told. Flower scents—such as jasmine, gardenia, narcissus, and lily of the valley—are for girls.

I settled for a lot of Secret of the Desert. It cost 30 shillings, looks like crème de menthe and is 10 times stronger than French scent. It is practically an anaesthetic.

I also took away with me samples of a dozen or so expensive perfumes which Mr Soliman had dubbed on the backs of my hands and on my handkerchief.

That was six hours ago. Since then I have been washing and scrubbing with a brick of green kitchen soap. But I am still as essential as a cavalier.

With a start of horror I have remembered Mr Soliman's words: "In an ancient queen's tomb at Luxor they discovered a jar that had contained jasmine scent and after 3,500 years it still had strong perfume!"

So, back to the bathroom. If petrol, chlorophyll and disinfectant fail—well, I may never be able to return to Fleet Street.

FIRST REAL DIET DISCOVERY FOR YEARS

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

CONSOLATION for all the overweight people who find it near-impossible to stick to a reducing diet comes from the doctors today.

They have found that though fat people may look alike they are really of two constitutional types and one of them can diet with much less physical and mental strain than the other.

TYPE ONE can fast fairly easily, but lose little but their excess fat when they go on a tough diet.

TYPE TWO people immediately start losing protein from their muscles as well. They go into "negative nitrogen balance," as the doctors say, and this creates a much stronger craving for food. Their emotional reaction to lack of normal meals is also much more severe.

Some display distressing "withdrawal symptoms" like addicts who have been suddenly deprived of drugs.

Tougher

TYPE TWO people not only find it harder to lose weight but are much more likely to regain it rapidly when they stop dieting because they cannot resist the temptation to eat.

So if two overweight women begin to diet, one may give up before the other and because she is weak-willed but simply because the ordeal is infinitely tougher for her.

The discovery of this constitutional difference between fat people has made doctors realise that through ignorance they have often been callously indifferent to the difficulties of their overweight patients.

As Miss M. E. Furnival, chief dietitian at London's St Bartholomew's Hospital, puts it: "Obesity is a complicated medical problem, not a moral issue. The responsibility for weight reduction cannot in fairness be

shifted entirely on to the patient."

The modern trend has been to attribute almost all obesity to gluttony and simply to order patients to eat less.

Some idea of how tough dieting is for many people who desperately want to slim is given by the result of a two-year study of a large number of overweight people in Boston, U.S.

The people were weighed and then separated into three groups. Group One was sent home without any advice. The members of the second group were given individual dieting instructions at a hospital clinic. The third was encouraged to diet for several weeks as a group so that the members could give each other moral support.

Alternative

TWO years later the whole lot were reweighed. They were nearly all as fat as ever and there was no appreciable difference between the three groups. Those who had lost weight on the diet had quickly relapsed and put it back on again.

Have the doctors anything to offer the overweight who cannot diet apart from sympathy? Yes. EXERCISE is an effective alternative, they say.

The weight-reducing value of exercise has been ridiculed by dietitians without good reason, they claim. Walking hard for an hour a day may take off only one ounce of fat, but over the year this would add up to more than a stone and a half.

A benefit

REGULAR exercise offers a further benefit. Dr Reginald Passmore, of Edinburgh University, points out. It may gradually reset the "appetiser"—the appetite regulating mechanism in the brain—at a lower level so that dieting becomes less difficult.

Hospital trials suggest that about five fat people out of every 10 belong to Type Two. They just cannot keep their weight down by dieting.

But as slimming is so effective in improving general health and extending life-span the experts are urging all over-weights to make a strenuous effort to diet before deciding that they belong to the "irreducible 50 per cent."

BUT IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE OTHER 5

FOR those determined to follow Miss Furnival's advice she suggests this simple slimming system: Make up a daily intake of 1,000 to 1,500 calories—according to your doctor's advice—from the following tables:—

100 CALORIE PORTIONS

1 Egg	1½oz. Beef, corned
¾ oz. Cheese	Liver
1oz. Beef, lean	Chicken
1oz. Ham	2oz. Chicken
1oz. Mutton	2oz. Chicken
1oz. Bread	2oz. Chicken
2 Cream Crackers	2oz. Chicken
	2oz. Chicken
	2oz. Chicken
	2oz. Chicken

50 CALORIE PORTIONS

1oz. Rabbit	Whole milk
1oz. Turkey	10oz. Skimmed milk
White fish	
Kipper	

100 CALORIE PORTIONS

1oz. Butter	Drilling
Margarine	1-5th oz. Olive oil
Cooking fat	

FOODS TO BE AVOIDED

Made up dishes: Sausages, fried foods, Pastry, pies, cakes; Thick gravy, sauces; Sweet biscuits, cereals; Ice-cream, nuts; Sugar, sweets, jam, marmalade, glucose; Potatoes, beans, peas, beet, root; Bananas, tinned or dried fruits; Alcohol.

THESE MAY BE TAKEN FREELY

Tea, Coffee (ground or instant), Water, Clear broth, Beef extract, Fresh fruit drinks, Pepper, mustard, vinegar, salt.

EXAMPLE OF 1,000 CALORIE DIET

EXAMPLE OF 1,000 CALORIE DIET		
Milk 6oz. (10 tablespoons ..	100	cala.
Bread, 2oz. (3 thin slices) ..	200	"
Butter, 1/2oz.	100	"
Ham, 3oz.	300	"
Smoked haddock, 3oz.	100	"
Permitted veget- ables and fruits ad lib. about ..	100	"
	<hr/> 1,000	

EVERY RECORD WE MAKE TOPS 50,000



One of Britain's biggest record companies has announced an all-time high profit of more than half a million pounds.

Another claims that its sales are up by a third. Today Page Eight ranks the stars that make these remarkable figures possible.....

have thought it? Silvester, silver-haired king of the strict tempo style, peddles a million records every year. He's been doing it since 1934.

After him, another dance-band shock. Right up in the big time now is Jimmy Shand, the shy, middle-aged Scots band leader who rarely comes South in person.

He is a regular on Housewives' Choice, and that keeps his discs turning well out of the relegation zone. His latest hit, "Bluebell Polka," soared over the 100,000 mark.

The other top-selling band leader is Mantovani. He is a bigger hit in America than Britain. And that leaves comedian and entertainer Max Bygraves as the only other man to pass the 50,000 minimum, effortlessly and just as a sideline to clowning.

There are many nudging that vital figure. There are many who sell more than that from time to time—and then drop right out of the running.

Vera Lynn, still sweet-sounding, the world's largest, sells over

200,000 with a hit. But without a hit she has dropped to less than a tenth of that before now. Two or three routine discs will put even the biggest star in Division Two. That's how lucky it is at the top.

(KENNETH ALLSOP'S RECORD REVIEWS ON PAGE 18)

By Christopher Hall

IN the big-business struggle to sell records, figures are more secret than next year's Honours List. But today for the first time I present a list compiled with the help of music publishers, artists' agents, and song-pluggers. It gives you the top ten names of the Turn-table League, Division One.

To get into that league you need to be able to sell more than 50,000 copies of ANY record yet

make. If you can, you are a star who can make £1,000 from a morning's work. At the top, a trinity of emotional talent—Ruby Murray, David Whitfield, and Dickie Valentine. No surprises here. Now come down a notch or two from the top leaders. Here in a brace are Cyril Stapleton, with the Show Band's big new sound; singer Alma Cogan, and the first big surprise—Winifred Atwell, the pianist who put boogie-woogie back in the big time—on a bar-room type piano too.

Big surprise No. 2 follows—Victor Silvester. Who would

JOHNNY HAZARD



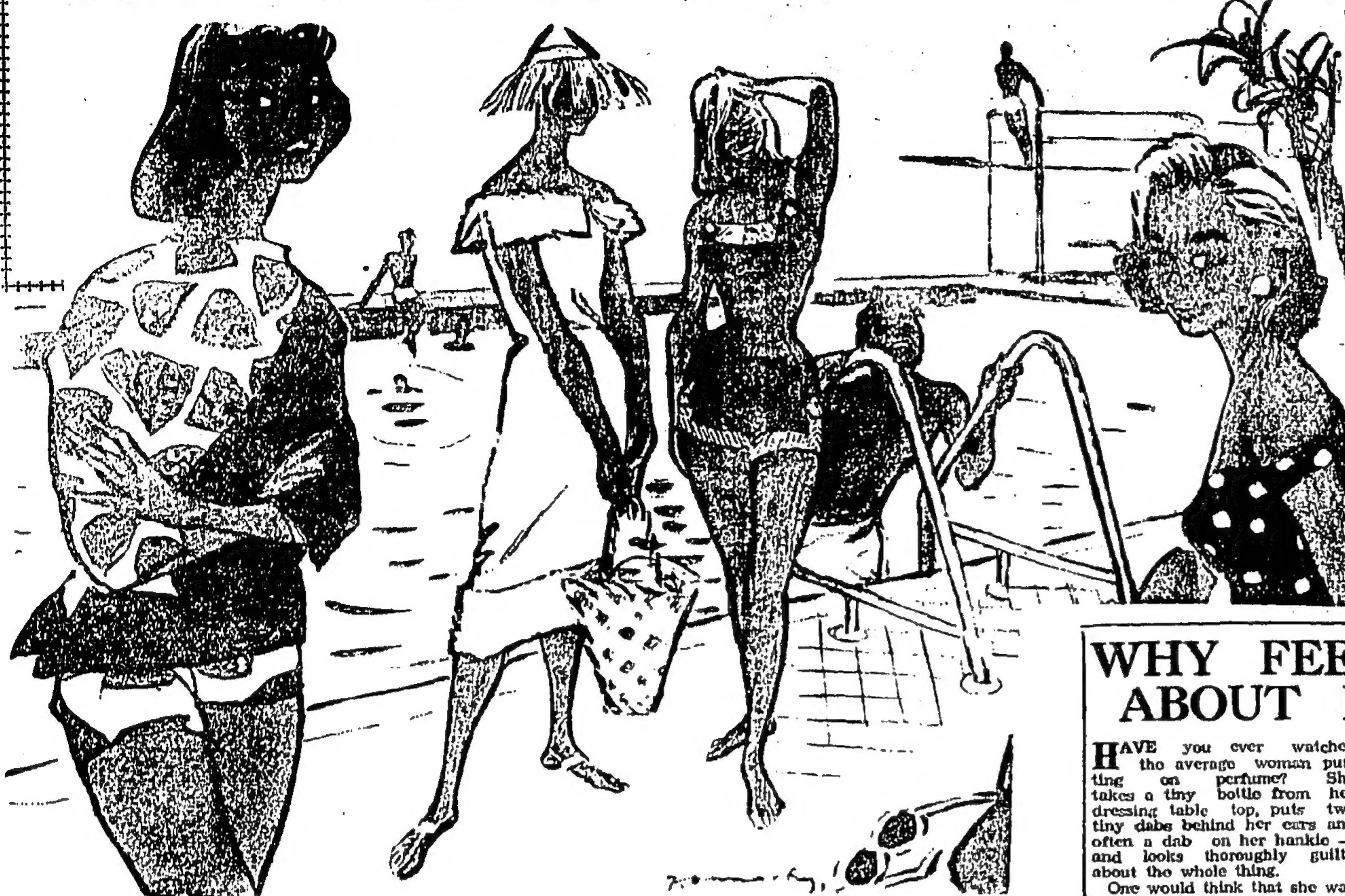
WHILE BELOW...WITH THE DEPARTING SPIN...



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

What's this? Swimsuits in April?



Yes... and
Demachy
helps you
to plan

THIS is the right time
to plan your holiday
clothes—and this year
there's plenty of new.

Demachy has sketched
four swim and play out-
fits by a sunny pool.

ON THE LEFT: a
Florentine tunic made
partly of plain orange
cotton, partly of white
cotton printed with a
heraldic design, worn
over brief shorts.

The simple dress with
the cuffed neckline is in a
wonderful blue tweed.

The swimmer wears a
suit with chemise top
and legs cut like shorts;
made of close-knit wool
fabric in a light blue,
striped with white.

The spotted cotton
swimsuit has a tiny
separate pleated skirt.

WHY FEEL GUILTY ABOUT PERFUME?

HAVE you ever watched the average woman putting on perfume? She takes a tiny bottle from her dressing table top, puts two tiny dabs behind her ears and often a dab on her hand— and looks thoroughly guilty about the whole thing.

One would think that she was doing something shocking—not something that is so specially feminine and delightful as "smelling pretty."

There is nothing "wicked" about perfume, although from the surly expression some women use it one would think that there was. I am not suggesting that everyone should drench themselves in perfume, but there are times when moderation can go a little too far.

EXCITING

The smartest woman I ever met had the most delightful perfume that almost became part of her personality. As she entered the room one became aware of something exciting—it was that little extra something that added so completely to her charm.

Such a wonderful selection of perfumes are available that there is bound to be something to please YOU. If, at the thought of perfume, you begin to think of tiny bottles with price tags

well over the budget level you can think again. There are plenty of moderately priced perfumes as well that can be thoroughly recommended.

Remember that perfume lasts for such a long time—even if you do begin to be a little less niggardly in your applications.

One point to remember is that a perfume that is perfect for your friend may be hopelessly for you. Everyone I know uses lavender water successfully—but on me it seems to take the most extraordinary change and smells more like a chemical than a toilet water.

BIG DIFFERENCE

Don't forget that there is a big difference between perfume and toilet water. Toilet water is much cheaper and more diluted than perfume and is meant to be used lavishly.

Rub down with it after a bath ready for a special occasion, spritz some in the water when you wash your finest undies, rub your hands with it.

Men love perfume—and they love to buy it for their wives and girl friends, but buying perfume for someone else is always a risky business. Unless one knows that a girl has a special favourite in the perfume line it is safer to stick to nylons.

— Margaret Easton



ROLEX

The Boussac Prints Are A New Challenge To French Fashion

WITH the arrival of spring, two travelling shows take to the road.

One is a circus. The other is the Marcel Boussac all-cotton fashion show in France, featuring fabrics woven in one or other of M. Boussac's 56 cotton mills scattered throughout the country.

This second annual series of presentations, scheduled to four 116 cities between March 20 and June 9, is destined to show the public that France, as well as the United States and other countries, can turn out good mass produced clothes at popular prices.

The new collection comprises 140 models, designed by 60 different French ready-to-wear manufacturers, highlighting pretty and inexpensive Boussac cottons.

This French cotton king puts his show on the road in much the same manner as a circus. Five tons of material, including all necessary equipment to transform a bare auditorium, is transported in four vans. There is a portable runway and dressing room for the mannequins; loud speaker and lighting equipment; and decorations for the hall or theatre.

Some 22 people travel the same road simultaneously in a private Pullman car. The show, which frequently lasts less than an hour, involves the combined efforts of a director and his assistant, six mannequins and their dressers, a master of ceremonies, a pianist, a sound engineer, a mechanic, and a stage decorator.

The feat represents months of careful organisation, begun last September, when seven publicity agents visited each of the 116 cities to contact retail stores and shops for commercial exploitation. One thousand firms have collaborated, and stock either the finished garments, or fabric to be sold by the yard.

The inauguration of this spring's showings took place on March 15 at Les Baux-en-Provence, in the South of France.

The clothes, which are simply styled and well made, prove that the greatest demand for the average woman, is for easy, undated silhouettes which leave high fashion trends strictly alone.

Marcel Boussac may be the financial backer of Christian Dior, but he realises that a woman is not a potential Dior client. Here are clothes that are attractive, easy to wear, made of nice quality fabrics and within reach of every pocket-book. Some fabrics retail for about a dollar (about 7/6d) a yard.

Waistlines are slim and set at the natural place. Skirts are full, or feature ease through

pleats or youthfully tiered flounces. Bodices are in shirt-waist style, or are sleeveless with bare necklines covered by little shoulder capes which sometimes transform into open-crowned sun shades.

There are separates to mix and to match.

Two ensembles contrived of solid toned tangerine coloured cotton, and a contrasting tangerine, black and white striped print, add up to four different costumes.

Other features are the slim travelling ensembles with three

or four pieces; the brilliant toned, waterproofed "rain or shine" coats paired for mother and daughter; and the practical beach and bath robes made of Jalla terry cloth.

The Boussac prints make special news this season, started in unusual new designs developed after extensive research. Sailing vessels are taken from antique English engravings, floral motifs from delicate china dinner plates, while sheer poplins are printed with floral stripes reminiscent of Victorian wallpaper.—China Mail Special.

DRAPES VARY THE WAISTLINE

By MARIE FONTAINE

A GREAT deal has been said about pastel and bright shades for spring wear. But an extensive use of black, in light-weight wools for day and low-necked dinner dresses, deserves just as much attention.

Quite a number of the Paris designers, especially Balmain, Dior and Givenchy, who incline towards softly-draped effects, are favouring black lightweight wools just now. Because of their penchant for draped effects they are able to vary the waistline. For instance, sometimes it is suggested well up under the bust or way down around the hips.

A theme which is popular at Christian Dior is one in which the draped effect appears as natural as if the wearer had just wrapped herself in the fabric and wound it so that the end disappears in the neckline, leaving the shoulders bare and the waist undefined.

In contrast, Hubert de Givenchy, who has a particular liking for black wool crepe, combines soft drapings with a dropped waistline.

Pierre Balmain has other ideas to obtain new waistline effects. To raise the waistline, he resorts to the camouflage of high draped cummerbunds, and to boleros which accompany many dresses; also, to bloused effects above the waistline.

A great number of his dresses, Pierre Balmain has chosen light-weight black or navy woolen cloths.

In the Lanvin collection to suggest a high waistline on many wool dresses for day wear. Worn under the new little coats called "canexoux", these models appear in pale shades such as sauté almond, oatmeal, and coffee with milk. Another waistline effect comes from Jean Frenay, who places a curved leather belt midway between the bust and the waist of a light beige wool dress.

A skirt, which rises well above the real waistline to join an abbreviated bodice ending under the bustline, is the subtlest use by Jacques Heim on an almond green wool dress. Another subtle use of a grey flecked tweed dress worn with a white starched collar—is a martingale belt that starts high up at the sides in front and dips in the back to the natural waistline. This designer also uses a wide martingale belt to raise the waist in the back on a pale grey Glen check dress.

With the same object in mind, Christian Dior places a wide martingale belt above the waistline in front, where it is maintained by two buttons, on a bright coral or yellow dress. Examples of high waist effects due to belts, tied straps, bows or draped ends are not only numerous, but form the main theme in this collection.

The waistline is often bloused at Jean Frenay and also at Jacques Heim. In one example at the former house the waistline is bloused at the natural line in bold wool, whereas at Givette it is bloused at the hips on a jacket accompanying a sheath dress in a fine, yellow, green and black wool.

Summing up, the main idea of the spring collection is to vary the waistline. This is achieved



1. PIERRE BALMAIN: The waist appears to be higher owing to the deceptive high draped cummerbund worn on this black wool crepe dress. The narrow skirt is enhanced by a floating panel at the back. 2. CHRISTIAN DIOR: The draped effect softens the waistline and raises it on this lightweight black wool dress wrapped over to one side in front, leaving the shoulders. 3. HUBERT DE GIVENCHY: The draped effect dips in the back and draws the waistline to the hips on this black wool crepe dress with a high, flat front. 4. LANVIN (CASTELLO): The canexoux conceals the waist and reveals the tailored collar of this pale verdigris-shaped wool dress, which fits in the collarless neckline of the canexoux. The skirt is raised at the back by four buttons. These keep in place a folded piece on either side. The dress is in a grey and white Glen check.

by boleros, canexoux, canexoux effects, ties and bows. In this worn over dresses, belts placed collection the waistline is such just under the bustline, bands of that the more art of wearing fabrics inserted: nearer the jewellery is sufficient to alter bosom than the waist, draped the proportions of the silhouette.

DON'T FORCE JUNIOR TO PRACTISE MUSIC

WHEN Johnny doesn't want to practise his music, don't force him to.

This advice to any parent with a stubborn, junior-size musician in the family comes from Mrs. Fay Templeton Frisch, well-known music educator and consultant.

"Force a child to practise, and he builds a barrier immediately against music," said Mrs. Frisch, in an interview.

The other course? Mrs. Frisch said parents should show an interest in what the child is trying to learn, encourage him with praise of what he has accomplished so far, and forget that so many hours each

week must be devoted to practice.

Mrs. Frisch, who for 26 years was supervisor of piano classes in New Rochelle, N.Y., advocates the group method of teaching music.

"Then, the child is competing at his own level," she explained. "Not trying to match what a professional—the music teacher—does. In the classroom, the child can say, 'If Tommy can do that, so can I.'"

Mrs. Frisch said some parents may oppose the group method on the grounds the child doesn't get individual attention. "But it's like teaching the child to read or write," she said. "He shows his success with the others. And the teacher or still is there to give the individual attention to the slow or fast learner."—United Press.



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A group of members of varying ages taken at the annual dinner of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association. This year's President, Mr Tang Yau-ting, is in centre, in long gown. Right: The Headmaster, the Rev. George She, in conversation with Col H. B. L. Dowbiggin. (Staff Photographer)



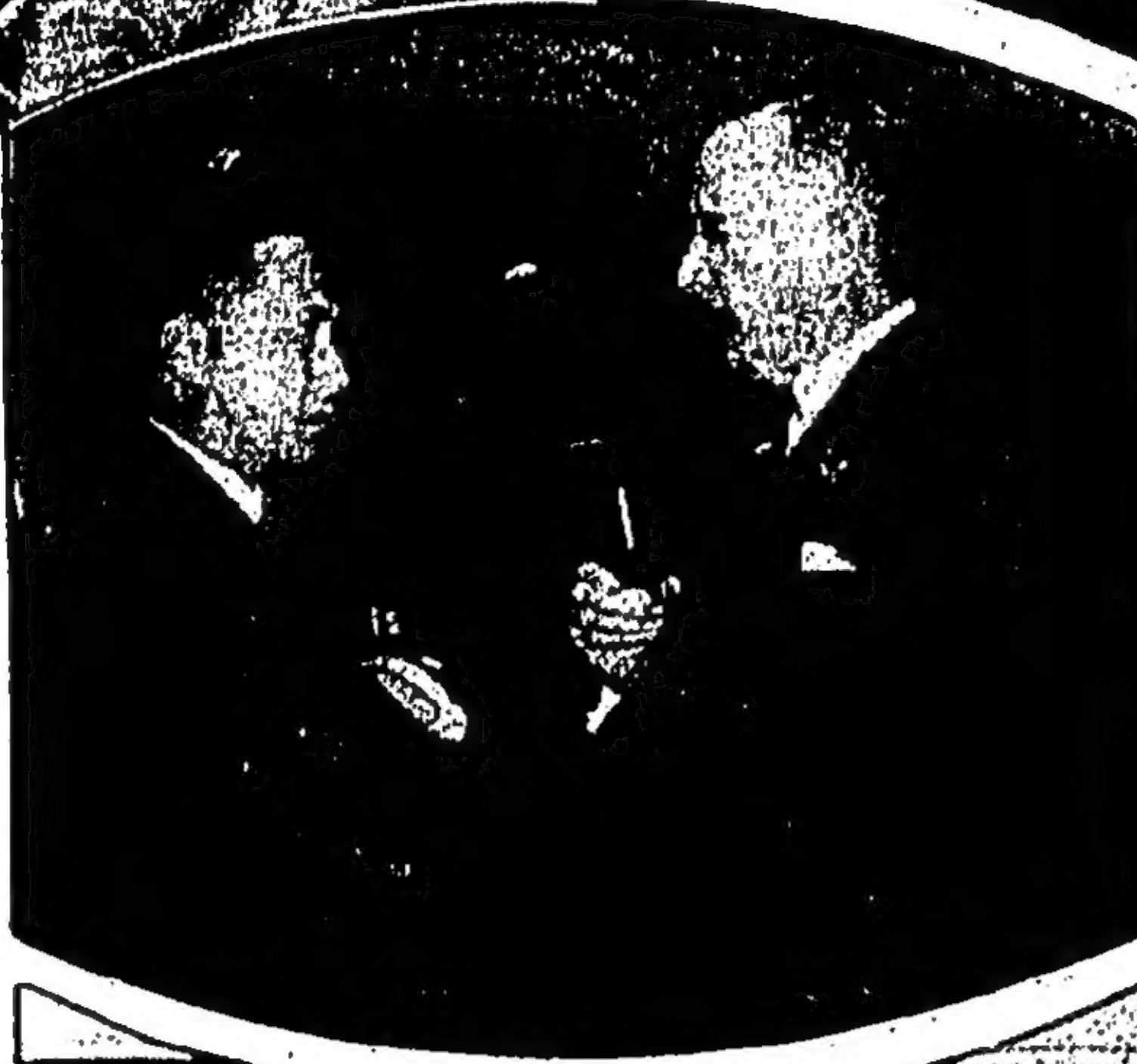
HIS Excellency the Governor and party arriving at the Roxy Theatre for the premiere of "The Man Who Never Was," in aid of the Auxiliary Fire Service Welfare and Recreation Club. On right is Mrs N. Li. (Staff Photographer)



MR Loong Ping-tong, the new Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, is second from left. Picture made at the inauguration of the new Board. (Staff Photographer)



AU Chung-sing (centre), of South China AA, won the Lion Rock hill climb last Sunday. Second was Chan Hung-man (left); Lau Tak-yiu (right) came third. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Henry Uytengsu and their attendants on the steps of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance Church after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was Miss Louise Chen. (Staff Photographer)



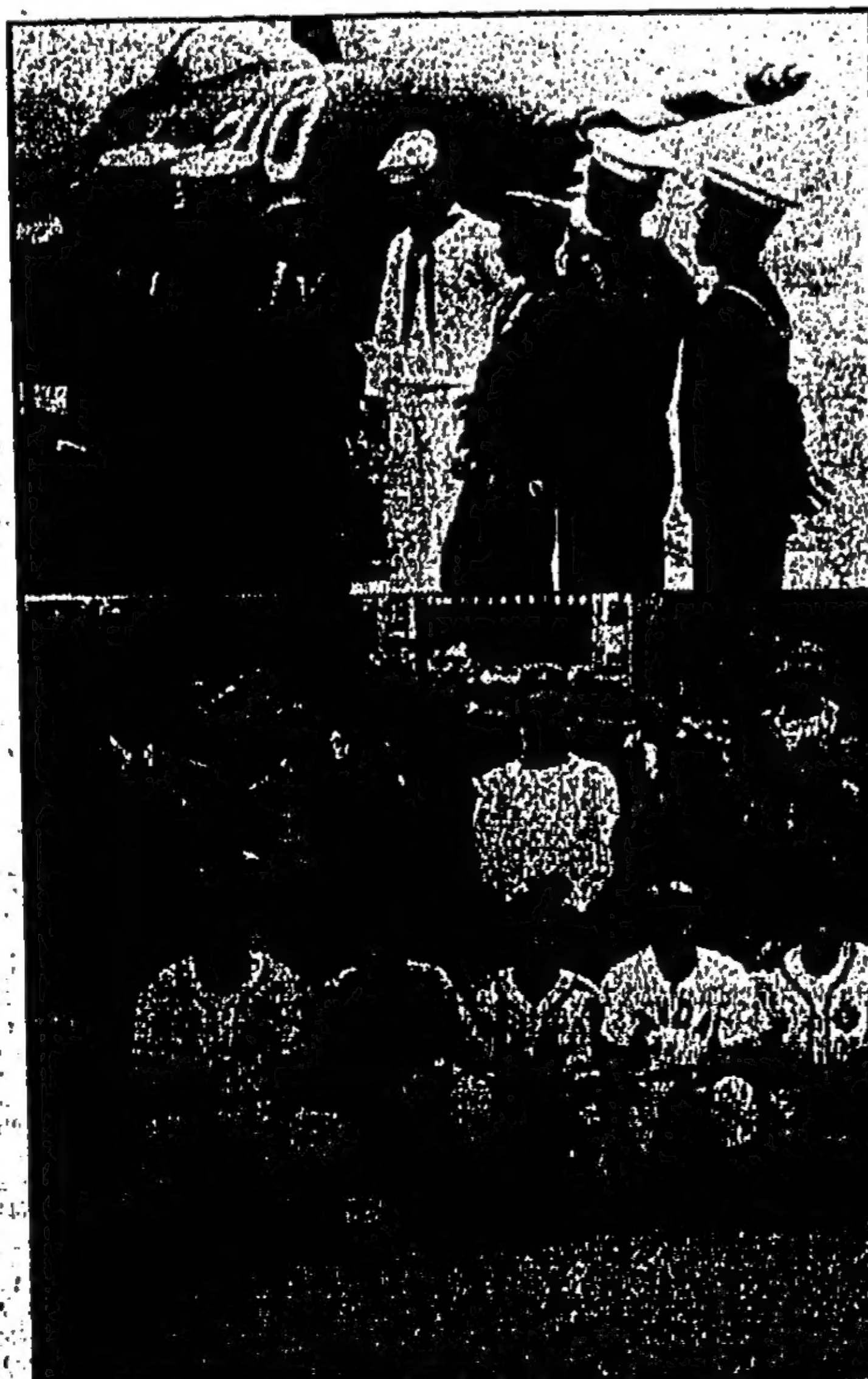
RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs R. B. R. Gorely at the christening of their son, Nigel Svend Fordwyck, at St John's Cathedral. (Eddie Ching)

THE 6th Kowloon Girl Guide Company, who won the challenge shield for the best display at the Guides' Exhibition at the Jockey Club Hut, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)

MRS L. C. Saville, wife of the Postmaster-General, presents the Hogarth Shield to Lam Woo-hoi, captain of the Hongkong Postmen's "A" team, winners of the Post Office inter-departmental soccer tournament. (Staff Photographer)

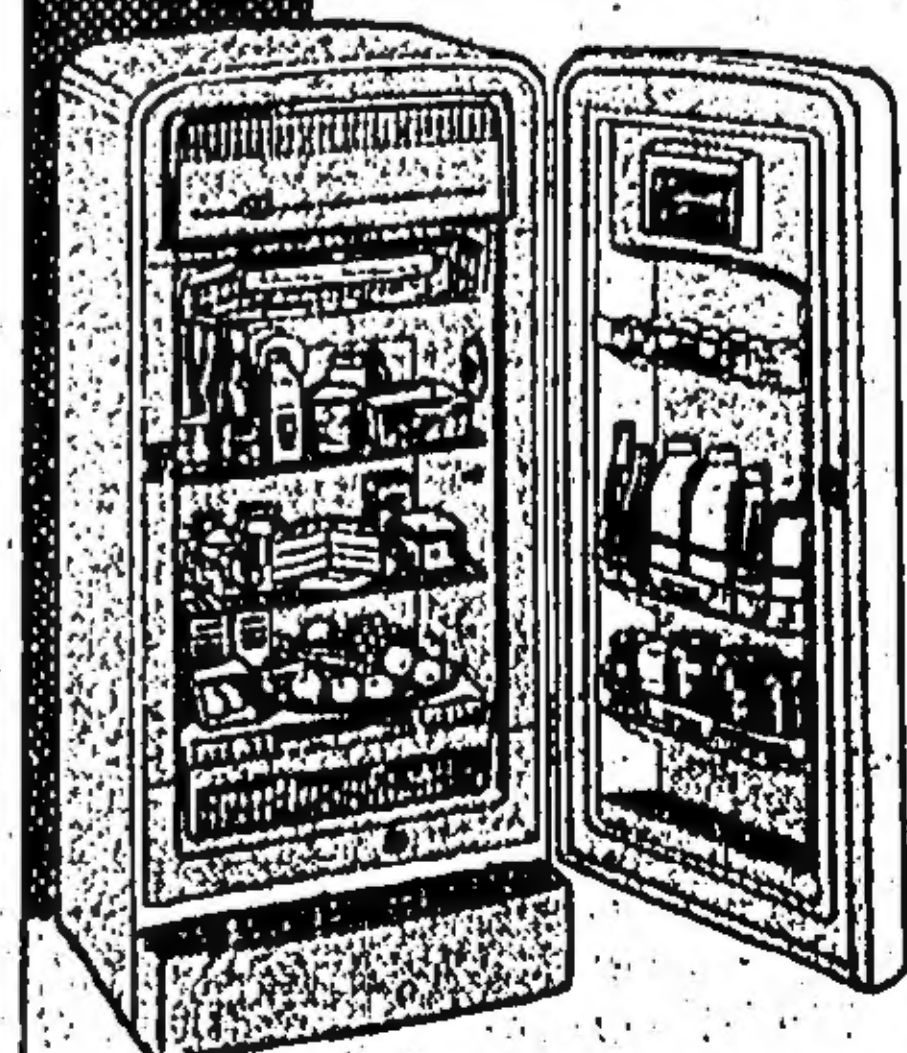


BOYS of the Hongkong Sea School talk with an American sailor on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier, USS Shangri-la, which they visited last Sunday. Below: The Shangri-la's softball team and Hongkong's Combined Chinese, who had a friendly game during the carrier's stay here. (Staff Photographer)



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MR C. L. Chan receiving a prize for billiards from Mr V. V. Needa, who presided at the annual meeting of the Sports Club. (Staff Photographer)



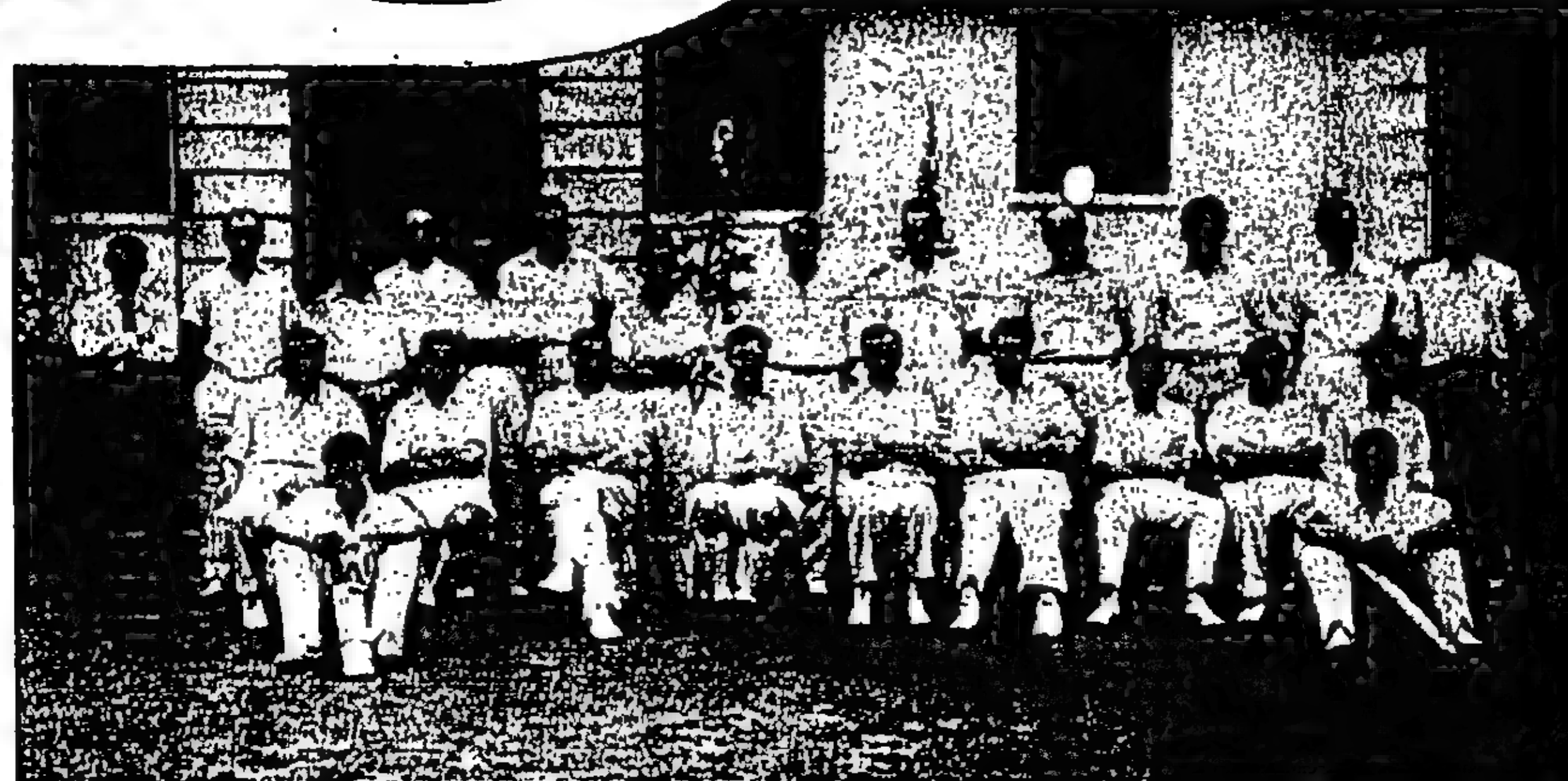
MR Samuel Goldwyn, the veteran Hollywood film producer, surrounded by a welcoming crowd when he attended the gala premiere here of his latest picture, "Guys And Dolls," at the Hoover Theatre. Of five finalists in the contest, Mr Goldwyn picked Miss Irene Mattos (left) as the Hongkong Goldwyn Girl. (Staff Photographer)



MRS K. C. Yoo, wife of the Director of Medical and Health Services, presenting certificates to graduate nurses at the Queen Mary Hospital. Receiving her certificate is Miss Ivy Woo. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Teams representing the Legal Department and Police who met in a friendly cricket match last Sunday at Happy Valley. The Legal Department won by three wickets. (Staff Photographer)



MR Arthur Gomes, the new President of the Toastmasters' Club (left), seen with Mr Duncan Dang and Mr Victor Mamak at the Club's installation dinner held at the Miramar Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



BRENDA, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. D. Graham, was christened at the Union Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: The Rev. Fr. P. J. Howatson, Chairman of the Boys and Girls Clubs Association, welcoming Lady Grantham on her arrival at the Repulse Bay Hotel to attend the Shangri-la Ball. On the right, some club children taking part in the floor show. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr Tsang On-ning, of the South China Morning Post photographic staff, and Miss Choy Koon-lin, who were married at Shatin last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MR John Yuen was inducted last week as this year's President of the Hongkong Y's Men's Club. In picture are seen, from left, the Rev. Loren E. Noren, Mr Ramon Y. W. Kan, Mr William Golangco and Mr Yuen. (Staff Photographer)



MR

Giovanni

Miguel

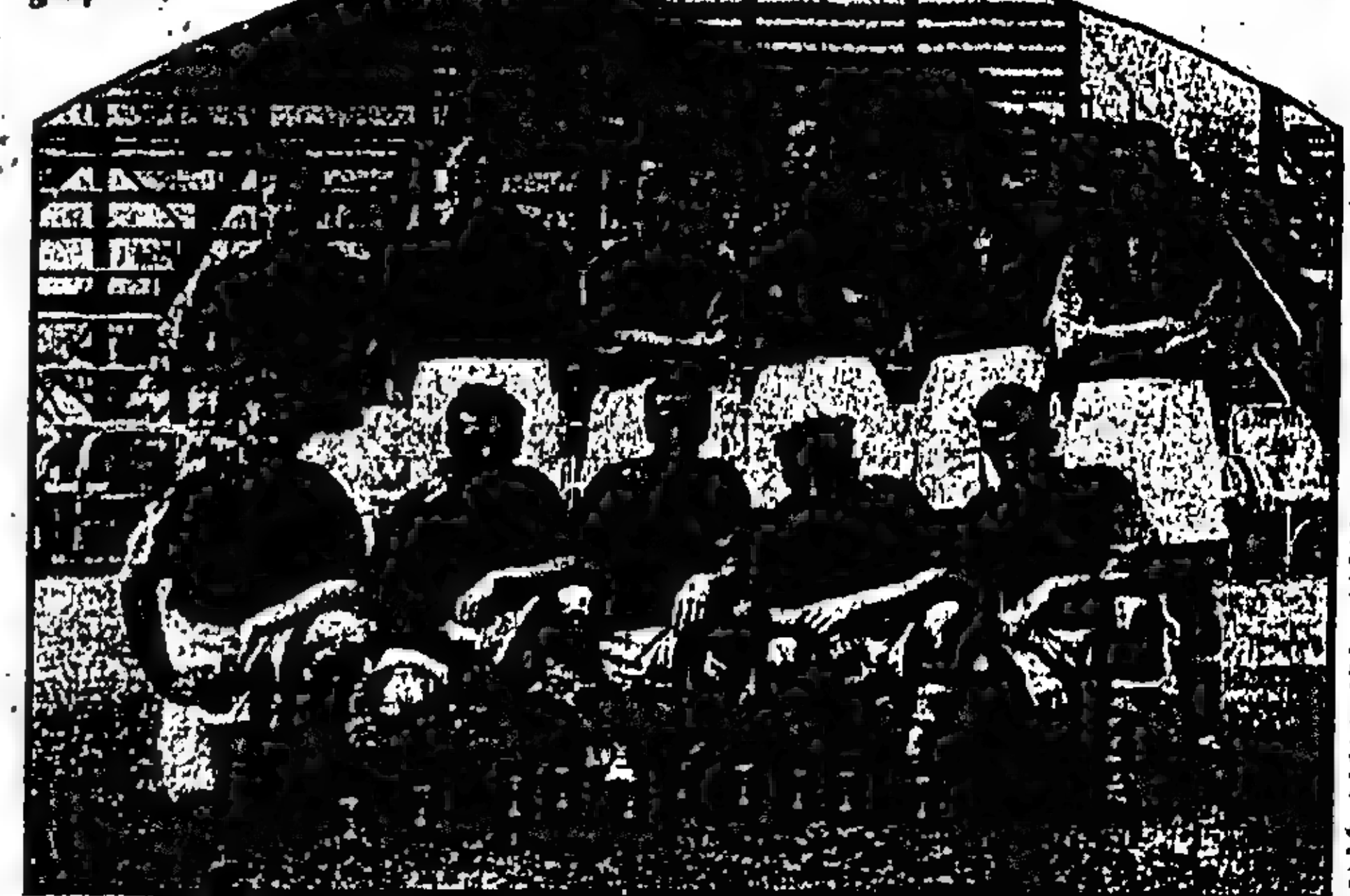
Pereira and Miss

Melin Maria da Carmo Gomes

with friends after their wedding

at the Rosary Church on Wednesday.

(Staff Photographer)



BELOW:

Command

Workshops, RENE,

team, winners of the Minor

Units knockout soccer tourna-

ment. (Staff Photo-

grapher)

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Right dress for formal days

For Weddings, Christenings, Garden Parties, etc., the formal morning coat may be in grey or black, may have a.b. or d.b. style lapels, and may have one or two buttons. Waistcoat can be buff, white, cream, lavender or matching, and can be single- or double-breasted. With a grey coat the trousers are grey, and with the black coat they can be striped or checked in black and white. They have no turn-ups. Shirt looks best if it is white; but neat stripes can be affected or plain colours in cream, pale blue or grey. Collar must be white but can be the wing style or a stiff turned down double. It must be detachable. A cravat is worn with the wing collar and with the double collar an open-end tie in grey, black and white, or to tone with shirt. Keep the design and colours very quiet. A stick pin is required and the plain pearl is best, though other unostentatious forms are acceptable. Cuff links, cravat safety pin and studs should be of metal, preferably gold. Black leather shoes (not patent), and gloves can be yellow, white, grey or biscuit (depending on ensemble) and of chamels or cape.

Socks of silk, cashmere or lisle in grey or black (or mixtures of grey and black with a black coat). Formal cane or rolled umbrella. Grey or black hat. Coloured carnation. At weddings gardenias can be worn.

MACKINTOSH'S

☆☆☆

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

☆☆☆

Tatting Medallion Mat

MATERIALS: Counts Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 gms.), 3 balls selected colour, 1 Milwards Tatting Shuttle.

MEASUREMENTS: Size of Medallion—3 in. (7.5 cm.), square. Mat—12½ in. (32 cm.), square, 3 medallions x 3 medallions.

ABBREVIATIONS: ds—double stitch; cl—close; rw—reverse work; sep—separate; p—picot.

DIRECTIONS

Launch and dinner mats, doilies, table sets, occasional mats, and other items may all be made by working the required number of medallions.

MEDALLION

Centre Ring 2 ds, 12 p's sep by 3 ds, 1 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

With ball and shuttle threads, Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

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Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

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Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

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Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

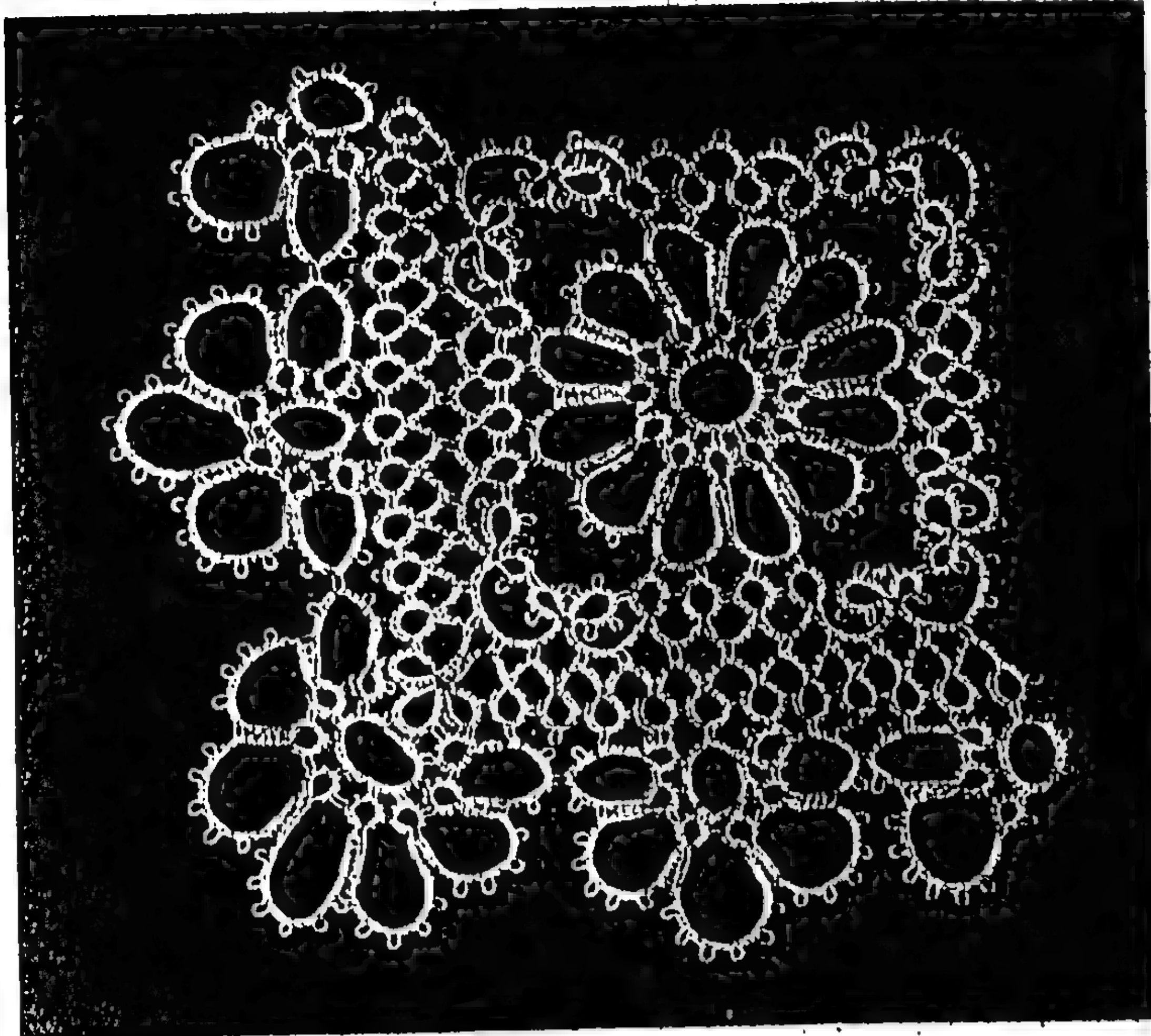
Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.

Ring 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl. Tie and Cut.

Chain 7 ds, 5 p's sep by 3 ds, 7 ds, rw.



Join to 1st p of lower left corner chain of medallion above on right, 4 ds, join to next p of same chain, 4 ds. Pair of close-together rings as usual, and continue the joining as before.

Work 3 x 3 medallions, then a round of rings and chains all round.

To simplify the joining of chains of this round to chains of medallions, hold the work so pieces of medallion chains are pointing towards the right. Rings and Chains. Ring 4 ds, 3 p's sep by 4 ds, cl, rw. Repeat from *.

Chain 4 ds, join to 1st p of last ring, 4 ds, join to 2nd p of same chain, 4 ds, cl, rw.

Chain 4 ds, join to 1st p of last ring, 4 ds, join to 2nd p of same chain, 4 ds, cl, rw.

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Chain 4 ds, join to 1st p of last ring, 4 ds, join to 2nd p of same chain, 4 ds, cl, rw.

Chain 4 ds, join to 1st p of last ring, 4 ds, join to 2nd p of same chain, 4 ds, cl, rw.



be 5 rings of last round between the centre rings of scallops, but if it does not work out that way, join centre rings to picots of 2 rings of last round, taking them together on the hook for joining.

It is a good plan to count rings of last round, marking each 6th one with a thread before working centre rings. Then any adjustment can be easily made.

Chain 5 ds, join to last p of last chain of last scallop, 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl, rw.

Chain 5 ds, join to last p of last chain of last scallop, 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl, rw.

Chain 5 ds, join to last p of last chain of last scallop, 3 ds, 3 p's sep by 3 ds, cl, rw.

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Knit While You Relax

BEADED BOLERO

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. Lister's Layenda 3 ply. Pair needles No. 10. 2 ozs. Beads.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 34 ins. Bust measurement.

Length from shoulder 10 ins. Length of underarmhole seam 5½ ins.

TENSION: 7½ sts. and 10 rows equal one inch. (stst. on No. 10 needles.)

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit, P—purl, st—stitch, ins—inch, tog—together, K2IN—knit twice into st., l.e. into front and then into back of st., P2IN—purl twice into st., l.e. into front and then into back of st., SIBI—With wool to front of work, slip one st., place one bead in front of slipped st.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: * K3, P1, SIBI, P1, K4, repeat from * to end.

4th and each alternate row: Purl.

5th row: K2, * (P1, SIBI) twice, P1, K5, repeat from * to end.

7th row: As 3rd row.

Repeat 2nd and 1st rows once more, then 2nd row once more.

13th row: * P1, K7, P1, SIBI, repeat from * to end.

15th row: * SIBI, P1, K5, P1, SIBI, P1, repeat from * to end.

17th row: * K1, P1, SIBI, P1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat 2nd, 1st and 2nd rows once more.

These 20 rows form pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 6½ ins. from commencement.

Shape Armholes:

Keeping in pattern, cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K2 tog. at each end of following 2 rows. (94 sts.)

Continue in pattern on these sts. until work measures 14½ ins.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 30 sts.

1st row: (Front Edge) K2IN, knit to end.

2nd row: Purl to within one st., P2IN.

Now work to correspond with Left Front reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 90 sts. and work in pattern as Back, increasing one st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row until 100 sts. are on needle.

Continue in pattern until work measures 5½ ins. from commencement.

Shape Head:

Keeping in pattern cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K2 tog. at beginning of every row until 80 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern on these sts. until work measures 14½ ins.

Shape Shoulder:

Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and following alternate rows.

FRONT BAND (2 Required)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 13 sts.

1st row: K2, P1, SIBI, P1, K3, P1, SIBI, P1, K2.

2nd row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.

Next row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.

Next row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.

Next row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

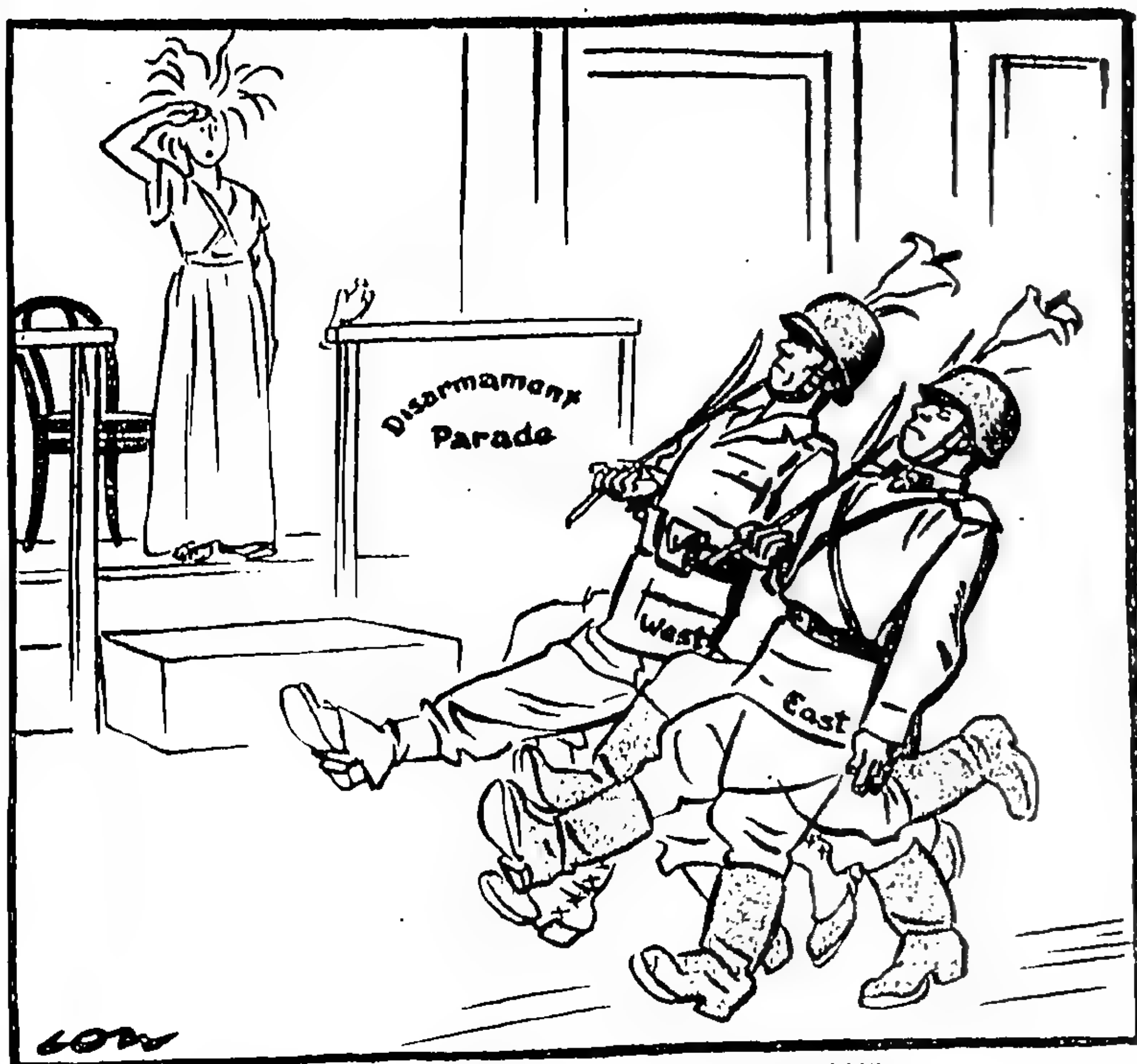
Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.

Next row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.

Next row: K2 tog. K2 tog. pass first st. over second, repeat from * to end.

Now K2 tog. at each end of next 20 rows.



LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT-RIGHT-

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Spotlight on one half of the "Heavenly Twins"
who will be in England next Wednesday

THE MADMAN AND HIS MAD MONUMENT

by
Les Armour

IMAGINE yourself an archaeologist of thousands of years hence sifting through the soil where Moscow once stood. You know that, somewhere at hand, a great city—once the capital of a great labyrinth of tunnels. You expect to find bricks and stones, perhaps some battered fragment of a crude twentieth century machine.

Instead, you suddenly come upon the ruins of a great labyrinth of tunnels and, among them, you find traces of massive murals—as grand and as vivid as anything ever devised for a Byzantine emperor or an Egyptian god.

A miracle

Your first thought must be that here lie the traces of a madman who worshipped a mad god, and that this was some temple for the practice of terrible underground rites. The man must have been mad, you will reason, for Moscow lies upon shifting, loose, boggy soil. This great temple could only have stood for a fleeting few score years at best before it vanished for ever. Indeed, it must have been a miracle if it stood at all.

In a sense you would be right. The "madman" was Nikita Sergeyevich Krushchev, his mad god was Progress. But the ruins will not be those of a temple. They will be those of the Moscow underground.

The engineers said that an underground railway in Moscow was an impractical farce. But Nikita Krushchev said it was an urgent necessity: London had an "underground", Paris had a "metro", New York had a "subway." Could Moscow be shamed in the eyes of the world?

A terror

Moscow must progress. And so Moscow got an underground—the most grandiose underground in all the world.

Its decor would make a Byzantine palace look like a monastery by comparison.

It has been a terror to the engineers who must maintain it. But it is a



KRUSHCHEV BEFORE THE MICROPHONE

mighty monument to Progress.

For doing the impossible Nikita Krushchev was awarded the Order of Lenin, Russia's most coveted honour.

That episode may provide a vital key to Krushchev's personality. Material success and mechanical progress provide two of his strongest motivations. But, more than that, Krushchev wants to be admired, to stand out among the crowd.

His career, curiously, parallels the rags-to-riches fables which are so much a part of the American tradition, and his scale of values is not far distant from that of the heroes in the fables.

Breadbasket

He was born at Kalinkovka, near Kursk, in the northern central region of the Ukraine, on April 17, 1894. The geography is important because it has played a major role in his career.

The Ukraine—the rich breadbasket of modern Russia—has always been easy prey for invaders. The Russians and the Poles slaughtered one another over centuries for its possession. And the Ukrainians hated both. Hitler rolled through it—backed, for a time, by the Ukrainians themselves, who reasoned that the new master could hardly be worse than the old.

The old had been none other than Nikita Krushchev. Krushchev had become their master by the simple expedient of making himself one of the few Ukrainians who could be trusted absolutely by the Russians.

But all that comes later in the story.

Nikita's father was a coal miner. He was poor, illiterate and sometimes desperate. Nikita became a shepherd boy. He, too, was illiterate.

But great things were afoot in Russia, and the case of them

spread into the Ukraine in the years before the First World War. Nikita listened and pondered.

By 1918, with the coming of the revolution, he had become a member of the Communist Party. By then, too, he had made his first big step up in the world—he had ceased to herd sheep and learned the plumbing trade. In a part of the world where pipes were becoming numerous and plumbers all too rare, he was an important man.

He became active in the local party, worked hard, earnestly, even fanatically. In the end it got him where he wanted. He was sent to Moscow's Industrial Academy to study engineering. He had always dreamed of becoming an engineer. But there was more to it than that. The Academy was Stalin's personal preparatory school, and it was intended to produce the rulers of the new technocracy.

Cut-throat

Krushchev, ex-shepherd boy, ex-plumber, showed himself more than able to hold his own in the cut-throat politics of the big city. His first act was to take over the Academy's political organisation. That attracted the attention of Kaganovich, the rough, tough boss of the Moscow party machine.

Krushchev was 37 when he graduated from the Academy. That was in 1931. Three years later he was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The next year he was first secretary of the Moscow Party. The shepherd boy had become political boss of the big city and, as a member of the Central Committee, one of the handful of men who controlled the nation.

What happened in those few years?

Two important things. One was that Stalin had established himself as an absolute dictator. The other, the Ukraine was becoming dangerously restive.

Ever thought with longing how you would like to get away from it all? Ever had a dream about escaping to a remote tropical island? Here is one man who has achieved this.

A 15-YEAR LEASE ON SOLITUDE

By DANIEL FARSON

NORMAN FOWLER is a handsome 29-year-old American who gives a first impression of the average boy next door. But he is far from that. His short past includes service with the American navy, which he disliked intensely, and two periods in a Greek monastery, which he found depressing.

He can now be found, with difficulty, on the remotest of the Virgin Isles where he lives a bare-foot, unclothed existence completely on his own.

This Robinson Crusoe life began in 1952 when he sailed across the Atlantic.

"In your own yacht?" I asked.

Fowler looked surprised. "Of course, I have money."

When he reached Bermuda he started to search for his new home and found it in Anegada, entirely surrounded by wreck-strewn reefs. Fowler realised this was it. Not even his yachting friends could visit him if there was no place to anchor.

PERFECT...

Anegada, probably the most isolated point in the West Indies, is 11 miles long with the highest land only 34 feet. Sub-tropical, it does not have the lush vegetation of a tropical island, but it enjoys a perfect climate.

The population is only 270, and is rapidly decreasing. Fowler is the first white man to settle there since 1834.

"What do the natives think of you?"

"They think I'm crazy. They're pleasant though, they respect my privacy."

"What do they speak?"

"English, of course. But it's not easy to understand."

Anegada has no electricity or roads, and Fowler has characteristically chosen the remotest corner, seven and a half miles from the native settlement which he reaches by water.

"Why do all the natives live in a settlement?"

Fowler pointed to the map and the old names of Bones Bay, Captain Keel's Point, Spanish Camp, Windlass Bay and Soldiers Wash. These are now blocked by silt, but there was a time when three-masted schooners of privateers were able to raid the island for loot and slaves, so the natives moved to a settlement protected by reefs.

Much of the island is hard stone, with millions of round holes, picturesquely known as "alohs," ranging from pinpoints to 10 feet round. At Fowler's end, however, there is good agricultural land.

NO TROUBLE

"I have 30 acres and have cleared five since I moved in two years ago."

He showed me a photograph of his home, a small wooden hut which he bought in the settlement and had rafted down in sections.

"Aren't there any sharks?"

"Yes, but they ignore me."

"And wild animals?"

"Iguanas," he said. "Sometimes as large as five feet and terrifyingly beautiful. No, they're no trouble, they're very shy and they are vegetarian."

"This is fantastic!" I exclaimed. "Is there nothing wrong?"

"We might have a week of heavy rain," Fowler admitted, "and then there are millions of mosquitoes, and sand-flies."

STUDIES

Sleeping in a hammock, living without a watch, only occasionally wearing clothes, balancing his days between physical work and mental study, Fowler has found contentment.

Why has he turned his back on civilisation?

"My studies," Fowler tried to explain, then but I could only grasp the word metaphysics. "I'm trying to reduce distraction to the minimum," he said, "to achieve a more profound insight."

"Don't you miss companionship?"

Fowler shuddered.

"Will you ever allow anyone to stay with you?" I asked.

He shuddered again. "Certainly not," he said emphatically.

"What do your family think?"

"That I'm out of my mind," he replied happily.

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Man of power

He gambled wrongly. He could not control the machine. The politicians just didn't co-operate, and the gap between titular power and actual power widened. The man holding back was Krushchev.

Malenkov either gave up or was told to give up Krushchev, the dutiful brother-in-law, has apparently seen to it that things have not gone too badly with Malenkov. He can afford to be generous.

For Krushchev is still the man with the power. He is an old-school politician who knows all the political ropes and who has gathered, over the years, all the political strings into his hands. At the same time he, too, is a technician—and a technician who started at the bottom and grew with the revolution. He is the symbol of the Communist success story.

He has been too clever to try to repeat Stalin's coup. He learned, at first hand, how much blood had to be shed to establish a personal dictatorship—and just how risky the operation was.

He has profited from Lenin's warning: in an industrial society dictatorship cannot last for ever, for every new step in industrialisation process requires an educated man to control it. And every educated man is potentially a thinking man who must, in the end, rebel against tyranny.

Besides, Krushchev really does believe in the ideal of Material Progress. He really is interested in the technocratic paradise.

His methods

Whatever his official job of the moment over the past 20 years, he has and is to take a leading hand in every new industrial programme devised by the planners. In a country where the price of failure is usually death and always a lengthy imprisonment, a man must really believe in the goal to take responsibility for industrial planning when he could easily avoid it.

The only one of his many accomplishments which he lets it be known that he is proud of is the construction of the Moscow Underground.

It really is his temple. What he wants now are more temples for the same god. And, if he can get them by being liberal, then he will be liberal.

But he cannot. He is a master of the other method. Remember the Ukraine.

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MISS SAGAN HAS WRITTEN ANOTHER NAUGHTY HIT

REMEMBER the "Bonjour Tristesse" girl, 19-year-old Francoise Sagan? — author of last year's most talked about best seller?

Well, she has done it again. I have just put down her new novel, **UN CERTAIN SOURIRE** (Julliard, 500 francs, in the French edition, to be published in London this summer by John Murray).

BOOKS... by NANCY SPAIN

And I think it will create an even greater stir in London and in New York than "Bonjour Tristesse." And that "naughty" little book made £50,000 for its author.

This new novel is all about a girl called Dominique in her teens who falls in love with a man called Luc, in his 40's or 50's. Luc has charm and a nice fat wife.

He takes Dominique to the South of France with him. They have a 15-day "honeymoon." Then, more or less unperturbed, he goes back to his wife. And he doesn't telephone Dominique for some days. That is when she realises that she is in love with him.

The effect

THEN he announces that he is going to America. That is when she tells him that she is in love with him.

She weeps. He says he would give anything "To love me?" she demands. "Yes," he says, and asks her pardon.

And when he comes back from America (she sees him in his motor-car in the street and knows that he is back, poor kid), he doesn't telephone again. As these days go by she begins to stop loving him.

When he does telephone she is listening to Mozart.

"How are you?" he says and, "Will you have a drink to-morrow?" and she says yes. And when she gets back she is vaguely vexed that she has missed the end of the Mozart and realises that "has the same effect upon her always as dawn, or death, or a certain way of smiling."

Quality

SHE goes up to her room and looks at herself in the mirror. Well she says to herself, I have loved a man. "That's nothing to make faces about really." But for her it is a little death of the spirit because, you see, she no longer loved the man.

Now why is this story going to sell even more than "Bonjour Tristesse?" Partly, of course, because it, too, is "naughty." Very few English people will contemplate the idea of a girl of 17 going away with a man of 50 without a shock of horror.

Then there is the quality of Francoise Sagan herself, the teenage writer who knows all about the pitiful simplicity of the teenage heart and mind.

Dominique, her heroine, is bored, bored by people of her own age. She hates faces that have no lines on them. She is fascinated, thrilled, by the attention of her elders.

Francoise Sagan's work reminds me so much of Colette. And the greatest of Colette's novels was "Cheri," the story of a young man completely destroyed by an older woman. Well, here is "Cheri" again, the story of a young girl almost destroyed by an older man. But not quite... not quite.

There's only one thing. John Murray, her English publishers, have not yet decided upon a title. Can you think of one better than "A Certain Smile?"

Guilty Fascist

TREACHERY is the big fictional subject of the moment. Last week we had Mr Richard Llewellyn debbing away at it. This week we have a far more moving attempt by Mr Ernest Raymond.

Ernest Raymond's most readable novel, **THE LORD OF WENSLEY** (Cassell, 15/-), tells the cautionary tale of Michael Townes, a young Fascist, who went to Germany and broadcast against us, like Lord Haw-Haw, and then pleaded guilty to a charge of high treason.

Michael Townes was the adored again-the-Government son of a publican (his pub is called The Lord of Wensley, hence the title of the book) in Balham. His mother spoiled him, his sister worshipped him, his father, a hot-headed and belligerent man, could never come to terms with him.

Michael Townes, spoiled, dignified, wrong-headed, intense, sentimental, hangs because he is determined to plead guilty.



FRANCOISE SAGAN

I found the trial scenes, the scenes in Germany, brilliantly done and deeply disturbing. But even Mr Raymond's artistry can't convince me that traitors grow in big parlours in Balham for no reason except that their mums spoil them and their dads fail to get them to Sunday School.

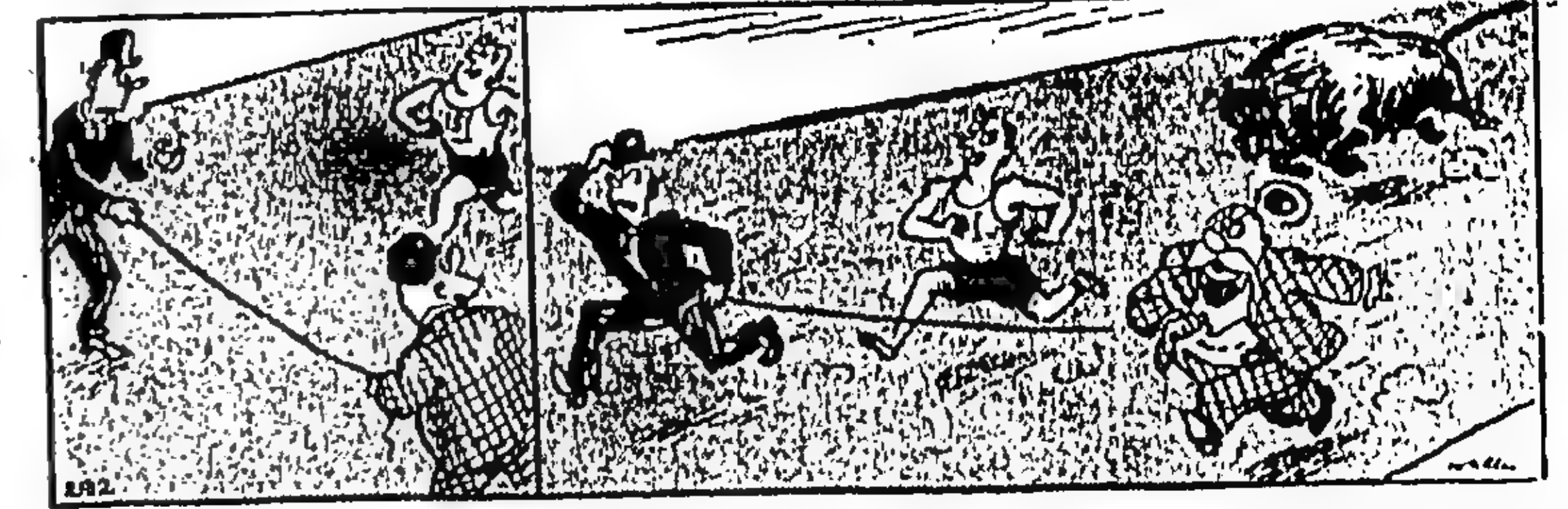
There are thousands of boys growing up like this today. Yet I bet you five bob they don't turn out like William Marshall, John Amery, Burgess, or Maclean.

QUICK FLIPS

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER, Iris Murdoch (Chilton and Windsor, 15s.), Difficult, "curious," muddled but in many places brilliantly written story about Mischka Fox "the enchanter" and his effect on lots of people. People like Annette (who swung on the chandelier before she left her finishing school), Rosa (who loves two Polish brothers simultaneously), and others. Miss Murdoch is the coming writer... but just the same I wouldn't recommend this book to my maiden aunt in West Hartlepool.

BACK AND THE HEAVENLY CHOIR, Johannes Ruber (Rupert Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.). Charming fable about a Pope who plays Bach like a master and would like him canonised. This causes fearful ecclesiastical consternation. Also, alas, the Pope is rather ill. Will he stay alive until he has achieved his heart's desire?

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

FOGHORNS TO GO

The mournful sound of the foghorn may disappear from Britain's coasts and be replaced by loudspeakers which will give warning in much more musical tones. Experiments have been carried out at Falmouth and are now being made at Dungeness, Kent, with "line source" loudspeakers of the type being installed at Broadmoor as a new escape warning system. Instead of radiating sound all round, vertically and horizontally, as an ordinary siren or horn does, these loudspeakers send it out in certain selected directions.

The "fogspeakers," like the Broadmoor system, will be used to keep the sound just above ground or sea level. Experts estimate that the loudspeaker system is about thirty times as efficient as the normal fog horn.

SANDWICHES IN MOSCOW

Moscow has opened its first English-style tea room. And there on the menu stands the word "sandwiches." The Russian language has no exact translation for the word, so the restaurant is using the same word spelt in Russian characters.

Said an emigre: "No Russians would know what a sandwich looks like. They just don't have them. They should be quite a surprise to Muscovites."

On offer—fish, sausage and egg sandwiches.

FREEDOM EXPLOSION

An American "Crusade for Freedom" leaflet balloon which landed prematurely in Austria, near the Czech

border, exploded in the kitchen of a farm house and seriously injured an Austrian girl.

Theresa Klein, aged 10, had found the half-deflated balloon—one of thousands released by the American "Crusade for Freedom" Committee with leaders for Hungary and Czechoslovakia—in a field near the farm.

Intending to use its silk for petticoats, she dragged it into the kitchen and started to rip it open. The escaping gas exploded, shattering the kitchen and badly burning Theresa.

There was not even enough silk left of the balloon to bandage the injured girl.

EARLY SPRING

Spring arrived ten days earlier than in Canada last year. Astronomer John Heard, who calculates the seasons for the Canadian Almanac, admitted it was all his fault. While he was reckoning up at what hour precisely Spring would arrive he added five hours to Greenwich Mean Time. He should have taken them away.

PARADE SHAPE

Supreme Commander General Alfred Gruenther barked orders in eleven languages at a parade of NATO troops last week. The General stayed up most of the previous night listening to recordings of the orders to "stand by your flags" in the eleven NATO languages. He memorised them all and was word-perfect on parade.

The occasion was a flag hoisting ceremony on SHAPE's seventh anniversary.

The General was saved one headache—he did not have to give orders in Icelandic. Iceland has no army, and the Reykjavik government agreed to let French Republican Guards hoist their flag. So the orders were given in French.

Britain was represented by four Grenadier Guardsmen in full ceremonial dress.

With Gen. Gruenther at the saluting base were NATO Secretary-General Lord Ismay and French Premier Guy Mollet.

The four German Air Force men from the West German Air Force Training Company wore field-grey uniforms and American-style steel helmets.

With other detachments of the new Wehrmacht at Fontainebleau and Dusseldorf, the Germans were taking part in their first military dress parade since the end of the war.

And they were marching with British troops for the first time since 1902—when British and German troops quelled the Boxer Rebellion in Peking.

WEDDING WARNING

There will be no Grace Kelly dolls, Grace Kelly hairdos, Grace Kelly wedding dresses, Grace Kelly suits, Grace Kelly styles, Grace Kelly medals, or Grace Kelly ties. Offenders, who make capital of the wedding of Grace and her Prince will be prosecuted, by order.

John Edward Sheridan, the celebrated couple's Philadelphia lawyer, gave this warning in a newspaper advertisement:

It said: "Any use of the name of Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier the Third or their Seals, either directly or indirectly, for commercial purposes, or to further the sale of merchandise or other items, without the prior authority of the undersigned, is prohibited, and any violation hereof shall be vigorously prosecuted."

BREACH MAN Spanish police arrested 32-year-old businessman just as he was about to say "I do" at his wedding. They accused him of breach of promise to ten girls within the last twelve months. He is also accused of obtaining over £20,000 from his prospective father-in-laws, after telling them he wanted the money to set up home.

But from the girl he finally married he asked nothing.

IN TWO ARMIES A 25-year-old Barnsley man, Donald Guest of Creswell Street, Pognmore, has arrived back in the town after completing two spells of National Service. After serving with the British Army in Hong Kong he was demobilised and went to America to see his sister. There, he was called up again.

By a coincidence, Donald served in both armies with the same man. He is Alec Hamilton, 25-year-old mechanic from Whitburn, near Glasgow.

Donald commented: "We served together in Hong Kong and I was amazed when I went for my medical examination for the American Army and found Alec had been called up too."

Visitors to the United States on immigration visas are liable to call-up between the ages of 18 and 26.

120-YEAR BONNET Among the "Easter bonnets" this year was one last worn in 1835. It reappeared in an "Easter bonnet" competition at Morecambe on the head of Mrs M. C. Halsewell of Great Horcote, Bedford, and won a special prize. It had belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

The black velvet and straw bonnet, trimmed with beads, net and ostrich feathers, had its own strings, and was a special and rather rare worn by the 90 other contestants.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Off Duty

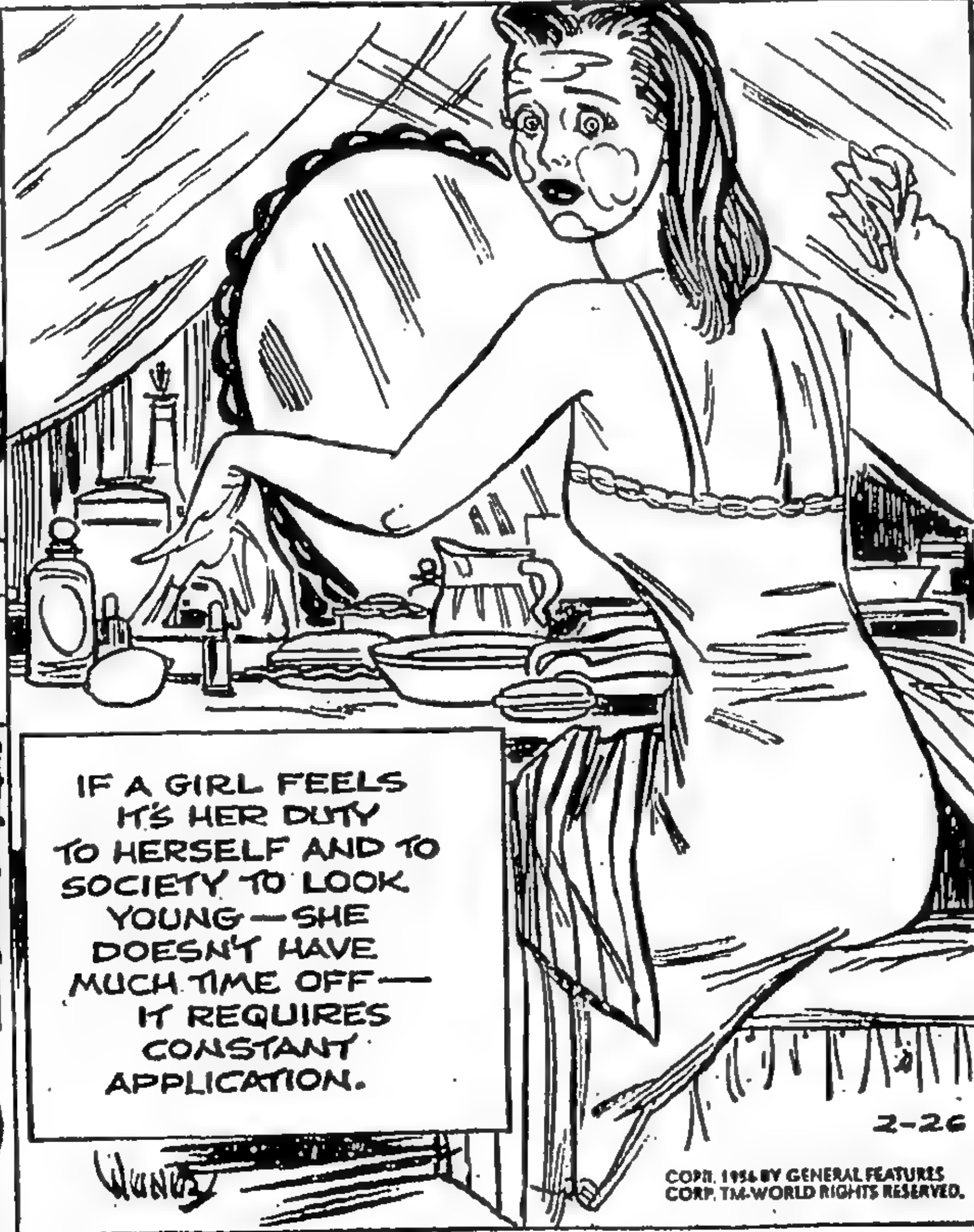
BY HARRY WEINERT



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SITS DOWN TO A HEARTY BREAKFAST AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



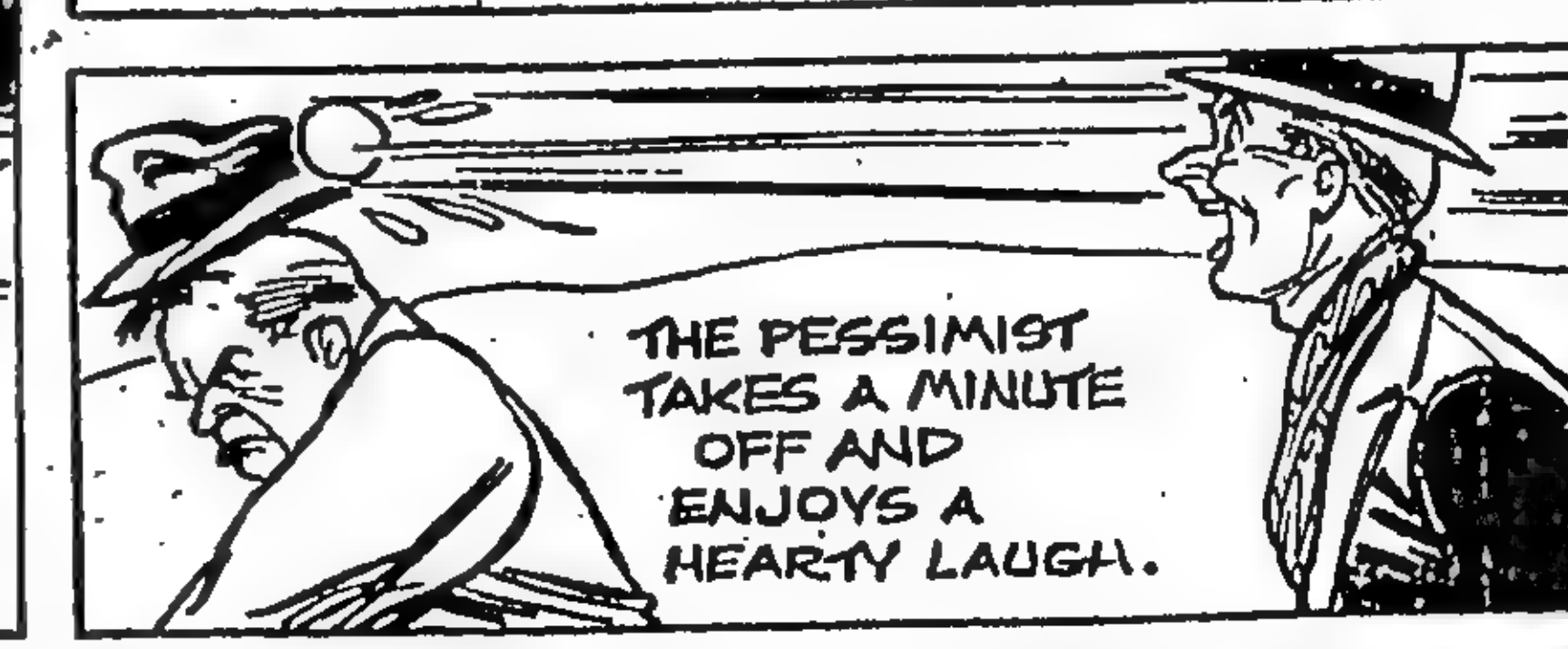
WE CAN EVEN ENJOY OUR DENTIST'S JOKES — WHEN HE'S OFF DUTY, THAT IS.



IF A GIRL FEELS IT'S HER DUTY TO HERSELF AND TO SOCIETY TO LOOK YOUNG — SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME OFF — IT REQUIRES CONSTANT APPLICATION.



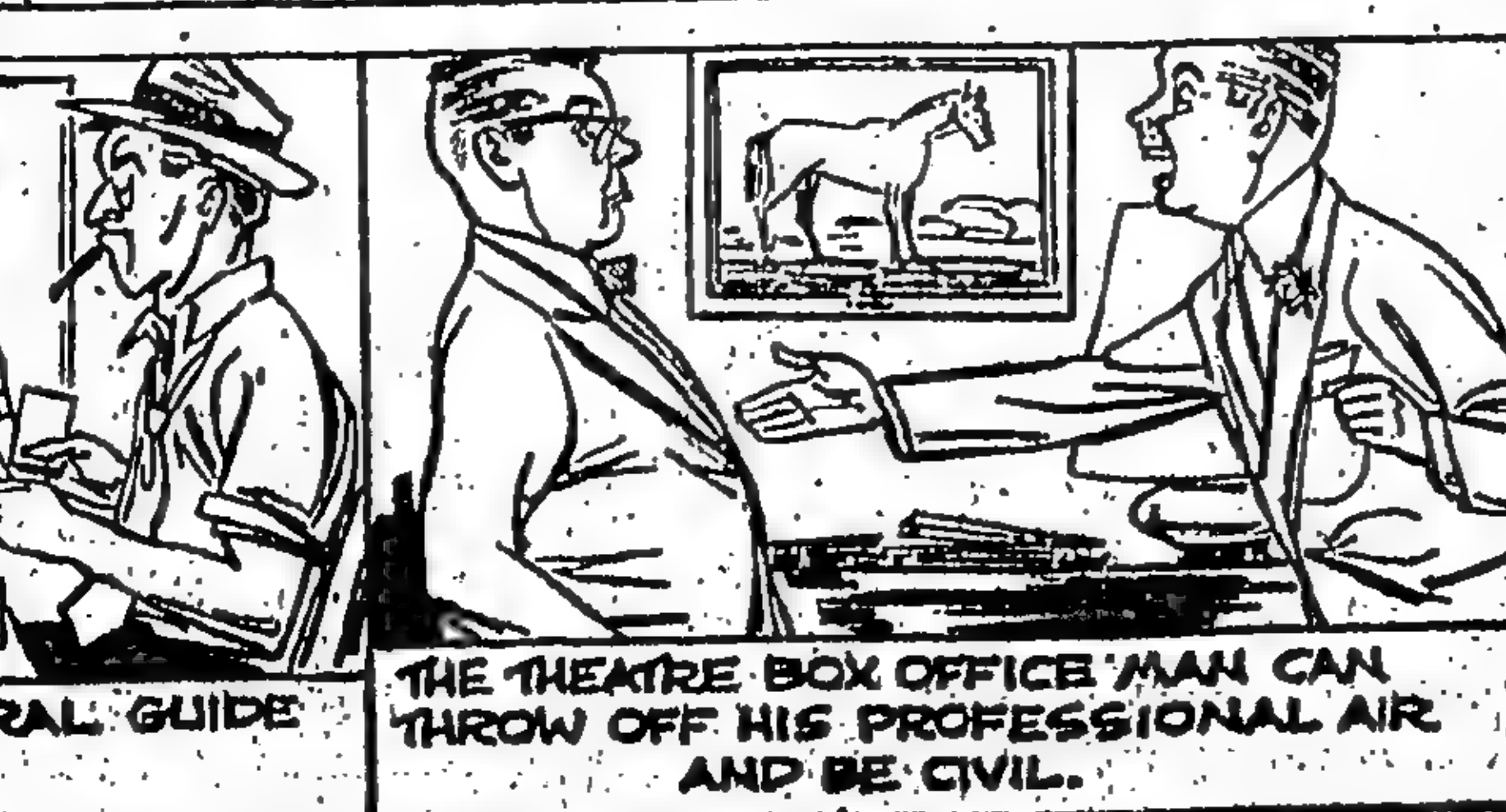
THE VELVET VOICED TV ANNOUNCER CAN RELAX AND TALK NATURALLY.



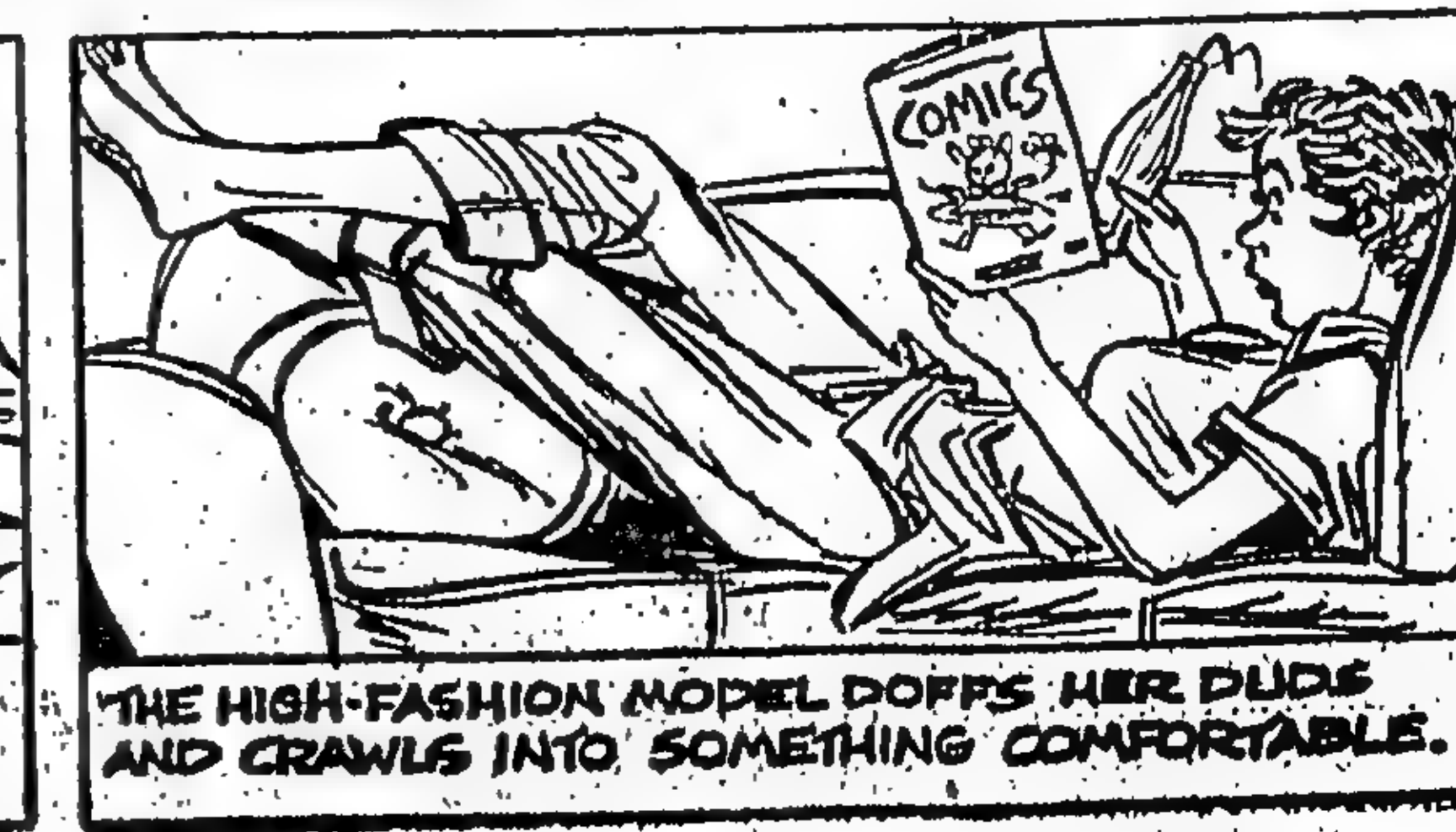
THE PESSIMIST TAKES A MINUTE OFF AND ENJOYS A HEARTY LAUGH.



THE WOMAN'S CLUB LECTURER AND CULTURAL GUIDE HAS A SESSION AT HIS OWN CLUB.



THE THEATRE BOX OFFICE MAN CAN THROW OFF HIS PROFESSIONAL AIR AND BE CIVIL.



THE HIGH-FASHION MODEL DOPES HER DUDE AND CRAWLS INTO SOMETHING COMFORTABLE.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

SAINTS-BLACKHAWKS CLASH WILL BE SUNDAY'S FEATURE ATTRACTION

By "TIME" OUT

Tomorrow's feature attraction at King's Park will be the second round clash between Jindo Hussain's Saint Joseph's and the youthful Blackhawks as the Joys face their final hurdle in their sprint towards the Senior "A" Pennant.

Trailing one game behind the leading Braves, the Saints will have to take tomorrow's tussle to keep their flickering hopes alive for another crack at the leaders. However, Johnny Pereira's Hawks will have a big say in the matter, as this young squad beat the Saints earlier this season and will be out in force to prove that their previous triumph was no "flash in the pan".

Also partaking in this week's softball tussle are Ed Valdes' Braves as they are down to three, the chronic under-dogs, the Chinese Athletics, at 11.00 a.m., while the third Senior Division game slated finds the H.K. Pandas pitted against the South China contingent at 2.00 p.m.

After a long lay-off from diamond activities, the Men's Senior "B" bracket comes back into the limelight with two games this week to round off tomorrow's six-game card. Featured in the twilight hour at 5.00 p.m., the potential Cham-

plions, the Delaware, cross bats with the Hongkong University graduates while on the far off diamond the keen Hurricanes take on S. Hamet's hard-hitting Comets.

With the absence of the genuine quarter from this week's softball programme, the minor leagues raise the curtain tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. Clearing off their final postponed game, the second-placed CAA bush leaguers meet the die-hard Lion Cubs.

ACID TEST

The long-awaited return clash between the mighty Saints and the fleet-footed Blackhawks will have fans coming from all corners of the town to peck the bleachers at the park as this encounter will prove the acid test for the Joys who are only one game behind the leading Braves.

A win for the Joys will keep their pennant hopes alive for another crack at the Braves whom they beat in the initial round, whereas a defeat will virtually hand the trophy over to Ed Carvalho's boys.

Both teams have been dishing out some excellent performances, the Saints by their convincing win over the erstwhile Warriors and the Blackhawks by their near upset victory over the Braves. Tomorrow's clash will be a red hot touch-and-go affair with the margin of victory being decided on a hair's breadth.

By virtue of the current League standings, the young Blackhawks will enter the field as underdogs, but it should be

noted that it was the Hawks who handed the Saints their recent defeat when they came from behind in a thrilling finish to win 11-8.

Master John Pereira will be starting his top nine in this key tussle against the Joys with every trick thrown into the fight.

Hurrier Rennie Barretto, who has been shaping up considerably in the last few outings, will be given the hard chore of holding the Saints' sluggers at bay when he bolts the mound flag tomorrow.

Battery mate Cuchie Souza, a key figure in this formidable line-up, will be posted behind the plate to direct the flings.

The impetuous infield quartet is sparked by hulking Robert Nunes at the windy alley and up-and-coming Mico Gaen at the hot corner.

With the absence of lefty Eric Remedios, the initial sack will probably go to Tony Rodrigues or young Robert Remedios while the keystone position should find veteran Tony Silva back in play.

STAR-STUDDED

Forming the outer line of defence, the Hawks boast a star-studded trio of Manuel Nunes, John Pereira and Jerry Remedios. Million-dollar fielder Manuel Nunes will be posted at

left while slugging Jerry Remedios takes the area in right field. The centre spot, with no last-minute changes, should find fleet-footed John Pereira patrolling the area, while utility men are Donel Remedios and Ollie Vas.

It is rumoured that the Joys will be without the services of ace performer Claude Pugh, Ken Donaldson and Art Orazio and with these top-notchers off the line-up, a Saint defeat is not impossible.

Saint pilot Jindo Hussain will have a hard time in fitting in the gaps and will have to rely mainly on the steady hurling arm of A. Salich to bring home the bacon. Squatty Mario 'Red' Pereira will be directing the flings from behind the birdcage while the initial sack should find Dave 'Burrino' Leonard back in action.

The only fixture in the infield will be Benny Omar who takes the hot-corner, while the other lines in the inner diamond feature Onofre 'Reese' Sousa at short and outliner Sherry Bucks at the keystone.

Reshuffling the outfield trio for this game, the Saints will probably have Gus Pereira at left, mercurial-spiked A. O. Irmal at centre and rfielder Sonny Azvedo in the right field sector.

Weighing the different line-ups on paper, and judging by previous appearances, the youthful Hawks have a slight edge in this tussle and given the right breaks, will have the better of their stronger opponents and cop this key tussle. However, a hairline decision is assured and, either way, the odd run in the late chapters will prove the decider.

PANDAS V. S. CHINA

Another game that should provide considerable interest at the Park tomorrow will be the second-round clash between the Hongkong Pandas and the Nam Wah outfit.

The Pandas lads have been practicing pretty hard and with reinforcements in the persons of Raymond Tsao and Y. S. Liang have turned into a team that is hard to beat.

Still marling over their embarrassing defeat by the South China contingent early this season, the Pandas will be out to regain lost prestige.

It Chen will be toiling on the mound while catching duties go to versatile Raymond Tsao. The infield four of Harold Ong, Johnson Shen and the Tao brothers, Eddie and Bobby, have been moulded up nicely behind the able guidance of veteran Y. S. Liang and should they combine tomorrow, Nam Wah may be faced with another loss.

On the Nam Wah side, morale has been pretty low after the emigration of star hurler 'Goose' Wong and their appearances on the diamond were restricted to the last minutes of several occasions. However, a better turnout is expected tomorrow and the debut quartet of old South China lads—C. M. Tang, W. K. Wah, Y. K. Chan and Solder 'Mac'—will once again be out to delight fans with their brilliant plays. Wooded to try the starting battery will be slowballer P. C. Wong, on the slab and S. C. Wong slugging the darts.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Jack Crayston

By ARCHIE QUICK

Arsenal loyalty is a by-word in Soccer circles. Nowhere is it more greatly exemplified than by the continuance in office as assistant-manager of Jack Crayston.

Here is a famous former England International half-back who gave long and loyal service as a player after his transfer from Bradford. A personable man, good looking, always immaculately dressed and well spoken. A clever man, too, for since his retirement from the active side of the game he has been with the administrative side of the game with the Highbury club, and has created a filing system which is well-nigh perfect.

Here you would say is a man ready to take over Arsenal, says Crayston. Arsenal made me, and I stay with Arsenal until I finish so long as I want me. Jack could have had the Hull City managership when Bob Jackson left. He stayed on in North London. Again, when Alec Stock was appointed team manager and veritable successor to Manager Tom Whittaker, Crayston's loyalty was unshaken. There he remains willing to serve under the new-comer at some future date.

FILING SYSTEM

In his filing system Jack has docketed the most detailed particulars of every player on the books. More than that he has the case history of every player Arsenal have been or are interested in. In the future, Crayston can tell at a glance any player's birthplace, date of birth, physical particulars, how many times he was "watched" before being signed, his amateur history—a progress report par excellence.

Crayston played against Scotland and Wales in 1930—how time flies—and against Wales and Ireland in 1932. In addition, during those years he made appearances against Germany, Austria, Belgium and Czechoslovakia—and the German match was the one in Berlin when skipper Eddie Hoggood, leading six other Arsenal colleagues plus four "outsiders" had to respectfully raise their arms in the Nazi salute to Hitler. They gained a sweet revenge by beating the Germans much to the Führer's disgust.

Jack, who was born at Grange-over-Sands in Lancashire, was a brilliant right half of the constructive type and was a member of that great Arsenal side of Moss, Male, Hoggood, Crayston, Roberts, John, Hulme, Jack, Lamber, James and Baslin. He has two Cupwinning medals.

All Britain Will Watch Cricket This Summer

Cricket will be watched in Britain this summer by bigger crowds than ever before, not only because of the added interest through the visit of the Australians—but also because thousands of spectators will be following the play by television. There is to be every-day coverage for County games—but hours will be rationed not to exceed 4½ hours.

Novelly this season will be the use of a "zoom lens" which will allow the television viewers to lip-lead players' comments. The lens has a focal length of 40 inches. The BBC says: "A new interest in the game is reflected in the tremendous increase in membership of the counties. Some of them have doubled during the last six years. There are 1,200 women on one of the club waiting lists."

POP
SORRY
MY SISTER
BORES YOU!
IT WAS THE GASPIRE
I COULD HARDLY
KEEP MY EYES
OPEN
RUBBISH! IT
WAS THE SAME
FOR ALL OF US
I KNOW—YOU
COULD HARDLY
KEEP YOUR
MOUTH OPEN!

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT SUCCESS AT SINGAPORE Has Done Much To Improve Our Soccer Reputation Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The success of the Hongkong representative side in Singapore has surely been a source of great satisfaction to followers of the game in this Colony.

Three straight wins in the Malayan heat is indeed a fine show and the players and officials are to be congratulated not only on what has been achieved but for the resounding manner in which it has been done.

There will be particular pleasure in Police circles over the goal scoring exploits of Roy Moss, 41, has taken this grand-hearted player a long time to hit the real headlines but his seven goals in two games is the sort of performance that needs no further side-line comment.

In the three games played in Singapore our representatives scored sixteen goals. This is a feat that deserves merely a commendation on the part of the players. In the three games played in Singapore our representatives scored sixteen goals. This is a feat that deserves merely a commendation on the part of the players.

Much more important than the actual victories which we have scored in Macao and at Singapore, is the fact that our players have shown in the most practical way possible that they have risen above the deep black depression which hit our soccer during the season and which reached an all time low in the humiliating games against Mohan Bagan.

MISGIVINGS

Casual visitors who saw our boys in action in the first two games against the Indians must have left with serious misgivings about the old acclamation of Hongkong's footballers. The youngsters who played in the third game of the series in Combining Chinese series did a great service. Their enthusiasm—quite apart from the fact that it was infectious—showed the established stars that fresh new talent was about the door waiting to step into their places. This also brought home to them the fact that second-rate, care-less performances were no longer good enough.

It was quite amazing how quickly many of the faded stars found their best form again after seeing the young Combined Chinese side in action.

What of the future? The enterprise of the Hongkong Football Association we are almost certainly going to have the pleasure of seeing one of the top Spanish teams in action during May. This will make a grand finale to what has not been a very brilliant season, and if our players maintain their current form they can tackle the visitors without a trace of an inferiority complex.

The news that Eastern and KMB have planned tours for the close season indicates that there will be no official tour by a HKFA side. There are of course many difficulties in such a project but surely what a club can do the Association can also do.

The difference in attitude accorded to a representative side as against a touring club side is generally most marked and I believe that our Association, which shows so much initiative in bringing athletes tourists to the Colony, must soon get round to the equally important service of showing our soccer warriors in other parts of the world, preferably in Europe or South America.

There are times when one feels tempted to take 'idealism' and shake it around a little bit in the hope of imparting a little consistency to the strange things that happen in it. The recent incident in which Singapore was advised that it was unethical for a professional sports body to raise funds to help send amateurs to the Olympic Games at Melbourne is a typical case in point.

As I write, I have before me a copy of the current appeal circulated by the British Olympics Appeal Committee.

An august and distinguished body if ever there was such a thing—and one of the paragraphs of the appeal says, inter alia, "...or alternatively some fiction, dance, etc., could be organised in aid of the Appeal."

If the Olympic authorities view this paragraph through the same eyes as they have apparently done in the case of the Singapore incident, we shall probably see the British appeal being amended to read that only amateur musicians can be used for dances in aid of the fund...or amateur caterers...or why go on. The situation borders on the absurd and in these days of state aided athletics, it is almost humorous.

How money collected through the honest efforts of professional men, be they boxers, footballers, runners, athletes or musicians or even entertainers, and contributed to a central pool can have the slightest bearing on the amateur status of a Melbourne competitor on whom it is expended is difficult...very, very, difficult...to understand.

Is the amateur status of Hongkong's footballers impeded by reason of the fact that the HKFA has a certain number of paid officials who would obviously have an important say in any future scheme planned to raise funds to send our players to an amateur competition?

WEEK-END MATCHES

Senior Division football comes back into the limelight this week-end after a brief interruption and with three games. This afternoon and there more crossover than there should be to pick and choose their faves. The full list is as follows:

Today: South China v. Club at Caroline Hill; KMB v. Navy at Club Stadium; Police v. RAF at Boundary Street.

Tomorrow: Kitchener v. St. Joseph's at Caroline Hill; CAA v. Eastern at Club Stadium; Kwong Wah v. Army at Boundary Street.

All games start at 5.30 p.m. Although there are six games there is no really outstanding fixture among them and apart from the possibility that CAA might upset Eastern tomorrow, and I very much doubt it, there is little importance attached to any of the matches.

South China should have little trouble in accounting for Kitchener and may well enhance their goals for total in collecting another couple of points.

If the Royal Navy side can produce some of their traditional happy-go-lucky play their encounter with KMB could be the best of the afternoon. The sailors can be as entertaining as they are unpredictable and the Busmen will not be able to take anything for granted. KMB will start firm favourites and they may well add to their points total but I do not anticipate the same heavy scoring as characterised the first meeting between the two sides.

Roy Moss will get a big welcome at Boundary Street when he plays for Police against the RAF. The Airman have often promised much but have frequently just missed reaping the rewards of their efforts. They can play good football and the Police will have to fight very hard to avoid defeat. Predictions are a victory for the RAF but the Police may well save a point.

MAIN INTEREST

Main interest tomorrow will be in the All-Chinese clash of CAA and Eastern, Eastern, with the Senior Shield already in their possession, are now after the coveted double and it is most unlikely that they will make the competition lightly. CAA

have deteriorated badly after a very good start to the season and it will be one of the year's major upsets if they manage to prevent a clearcut Eastern success.

Kitchener should also add to their already healthy points total with a victory over St. Joseph's at Caroline Hill. The Saints have again hit a sticky patch and it will be a surprise if they avoid defeat.

The last game on the schedule is at Boundary Street where Kwong Wah and Army have their first meeting of the season. The Chinese boys have had an indifferent season, but as they meet an Army side which is short of several regular players, they may feel confident of a win. The soldiers have shown, however, that they have some good players and with Middleton in shooting form they may do enough to collect the two points.

Birmingham Cash In On The Cup £250-A-MAN DIP IN WEMBLEY POOL

By JACK WOOD

Birmingham City, hot Cup Final favourites to beat Manchester City on May 5, have struck it rich by reaching Wembley. Their players agreed to pool every penny they earn between now and the Final. They had been urged to do so by manager Arthur Turner. He told them: "You have got to the Final as a team. That is the way you must stay."

"I know some of you are more in demand than others. But whatever money you earn from whatever source must go into a pool."

Commented colourful Eddy Brown, much in demand these days as a writer and for personal appearances: "The pool is right. Some of us are luckier than others in these things, but I am happy to put everything into the pool."

The Birmingham players expect to make more out of the Final than any team before them. The BBC have already contracted them for exclusive TV rights at a fee of £500.

MONEY TALKS

Skipper Len Boyd, centre-forward Brown, goalkeeper Gil Merrick, and others have discussed the pool and how it will be divided. Boyd and leading scorer Brown, will be match-fit within a few days.

City will not go away for special training before the final, but will stay at the Hendon Hall Hotel, in North London, on the Thursday and Friday nights before the big game.

The manager is not now too optimistic about Roy Warhurst's chances of getting fit by May 5. Warhurst is already a Cup-winning player. The club warned supporters not to buy tickets for the Final which have made an appearance in parts of the city in the past few days.

Said Mr. Turner, "They must be fakes, because we have not received our allocation from the FA."

FAKE TICKETS

The idea of a pool was first suggested by Merrick after the club's semi-final victory over

Beaten But Happy

17-year-old George Smith is goalkeeper for Barnford Junior Casuals in the Rochdale League and he has just been voted best keeper in the League. But wait a minute. George has been beaten 228 times this season, and his club has lost every one of the 23 games they have played.

- Which of these cricketers are in the Australian party to tour England this summer: Pat Burge, Bill Johnston, Graeme Hole, and Ian Craig?
- Who is the World Champion racing motorist?
- Who is the World Champion motor-cyclist, in the senior class?
- Which two teams will meet in the Final of the FA Cup?
- One was in the Final last year, which one?
- Some events of this year's Olympic Games will be held in Stockholm, which ones?
- How many European players have won the Men's Singles title at Wimbledon since the war?
- Four competitors have each won four gold medals in one Olympic tournament. Who are they?
- Which of these sports has appeared on the Olympic programme: Rugby Union and lawn tennis?
- Only one Australian and one Japanese have ever won a world boxing title. Names please.

(Answers See Page 17)

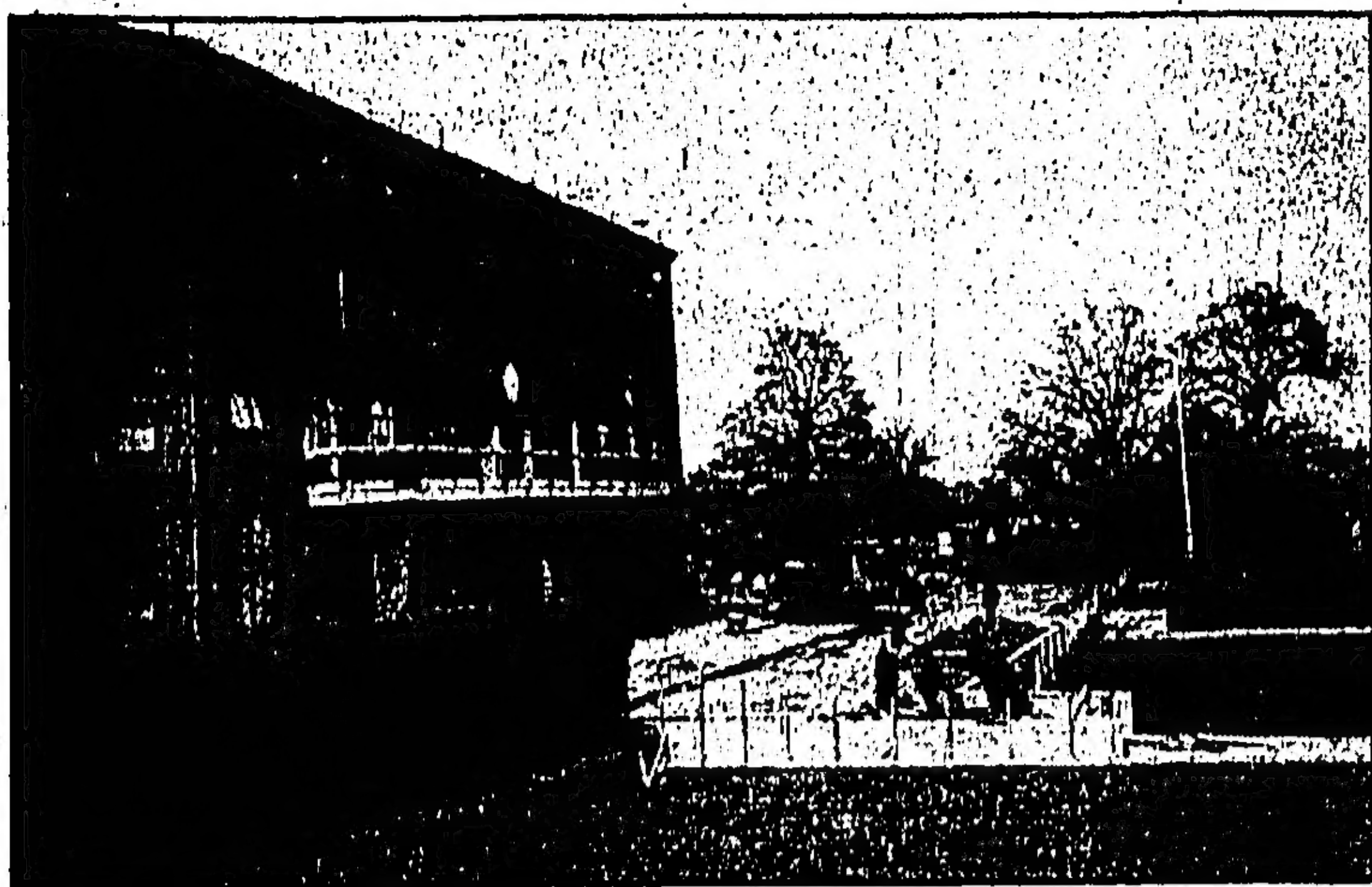
Sports Diary

TODAY

- 10th Race Meeting: Happy Valley at 2 p.m.
- 1st Division: South China v. Club (4.30) 5.30 p.m. KMB v. Navy (Club) 5.30 p.m. Police v. RAF (5.30) 6.30 p.m.
- 2nd Division: Police v. Club (5.30) 6.30 p.m.
- 3rd Division: Tarkoon v. Trunivars (5.30) 6.30 p.m. KMB v. Police (Club) 6.30 p.m. H.K. v. H.K. (5.30) 6.30 p.m. All matches start at 5.30 p.m.
- 4th Division: Tamar v. H.K. (5.30) 6.30 p.m. Hollandia v. Dodwell (5.30) 6.30 p.m.

PRECIOUS
DROPS
FOR
PRECIOUS
MOMENTS
CHERRY
HEERING

GOOD NEWS FOR WIMBLEDON FANS



As the result of reconstruction now going on at Wimbledon, there will be more room for the thousands who throng this increasingly popular rendezvous. The main terrace in front of the clubhouse entrance is being widened by several yards, by cutting into courts four and five. These two courts will not be reduced in area, as there is room at the far end to make up for the encroachment. This picture shows the clubhouse on the left, and the work in progress.—Central Express Photo.

PERMANENT FLOODLIT SCHEME

SOCCER WITHOUT TEARS AT WEMBLEY STADIUM

Floodlit football by the light of a new £22,000 permanent floodlighting scheme will be a regular feature of the winter season at Wembley Stadium from now on.

The scheme, which was planned and supplied by The General Electric Co. Ltd., is the first permanent arena floodlighting system to be installed at Wembley and the largest in the United Kingdom.

The final system was chosen as a result of extensive trials with alternative systems carried out by Wembley Stadium. The GEC gave its full co-operation to Sir Arthur Elvin, Chairman and Managing Director of Wembley Stadium Ltd., and his engineers, at every stage.

The climax came on September 27 with the most important lighting test to have been made in this country. The judges of the system were independent observers including newspapermen, television engineers, and players from two London football teams.

Football fans were able to judge for themselves the quality of the new floodlighting at the London versus Frankfurt game on the evening of Wednesday, October 26, the first match to be played under the new lights. The new Wembley floodlighting system was planned by GEC lighting engineers in conjunction with the GEC Research Laboratories at Wembley. It consists of 102 floodlights mounted 100 ft above the ground in groups of 24 on 8 towers. All groups combine to use 340 kw of lighting load. To ensure the maximum of illumination and the minimum of glare, the installation comprises a combination of four optical systems.

A special feature is an arrangement for providing, at the touch of a switch, a dramatic effect to capture the attention of spectators when the teams enter the field. Before a game and at half-time, the electrical circuit allows the lamps to be switched on at low brightness. When a match is about to begin, the illumination on the ground is increased to three times its original intensity. The result stimulates the effect of stage lighting when the curtain is about to go up.

By the light of the new GEC floodlighting system at Wembley, spectators at every side of the field can see every detail of play. Distant players stand out brightly against comparatively dark backgrounds. An inset for referees is the ease with which, by means of special lighting, the lines and line-men are illuminated clearly in all parts of the field.

SPECIAL TESTS
To ensure full safety for spectators the floodlighting towers are constructed of welded tubular steel. Special tests, carried out under the supervision of the engineering consultant to Wembley Stadium Ltd., Sir Owen Williams, included fixing a steel hawser to a demonstration tower, securing it at an angle of 45 degrees to a lorry-mounted winch and subjecting the tower to a pull equivalent to a 100 mph gale. The tower moved less than half an inch.

The tower system allows every spectator to see floodlit football comfortably, and the players' vision of the ball is first-class whether he is looking towards the goal, or across the field—for corner-kicks, "throws-in" and cross-kicks. In addition, players and spectators do not lose sight of the play, even momentarily, because of the ball passing across the front of the lights.

TAYLORS SUIT
With the signing of outside-left Stanley Taylor upon his demobilisation from Army service in Germany, Southampton now have four Taylors on their books. Strangely, two are Stanleys and two are Johnnies.

ENGLAND-SCOTLAND CLASH

THE TERRIFYING HAMPDEN ROAR CAN BE WORTH A GOAL START TO SCOTLAND TODAY

Says DON REVIE

Today the England team takes the field at Hampden Park in the great clash with Scotland. And this is the match, above all others, both the English and the Scots rate higher than any other honour.

Only those who have lived through the "Hampden Roar" know what it means. I recall my old colleague Ivor Broadis telling me: "The first time I ever stepped out on the Hampden Park pitch the 'Roar' hit me like a bomb blast. I felt shut in, as though I was in a rabbit hutch until the game got under way."

As you probably know, Ivor played two of his greatest games for England at Hampden Park, but if the atmosphere there can affect an ice cool customer like him, what might it do to England's younger players if they are picked?

Although England's young players have covered themselves with glory this season, most footballers feel that against the Scots we just can't afford to do without chaps like Stan Matthews, Tom Finney and Nat Lofthouse. Matthews particularly has the Scots in a dither before he even steps on to the field.

OLD-TIMER'S HINTS
Last season I was fortunate enough to partner Stan in England's 7-2 triumph at Wembley. Before we went out, Stan told me: "This isn't as tough as Hampden, Don, because the crowd don't cheer so much—but you will probably find it pretty fast for the first 20 minutes, then the pace of the game will settle down."

These hints from experienced players like Matthews are typical of what goes on in England's dressing room at all big games. The lads who have played before

go out of their way to make the newcomers feel calm. Even so the first 20 minutes at Wembley last season were very fast; I felt very rubbery legged, and it was quite an ordeal. Fortunately, my partner, Stan Matthews, had one of his greatest games, and we had the game won in the first 15 minutes when we overran the Scots.

There is no doubt in my mind that the game against Scotland is still the tops in the international calendar. For that reason, I think that the best method of preparing for this game would be to call the players together about 14 days before the match.

Already the FA does a great job of work in this direction, but if the lads were together for 14 days they could have a trial game against a top amateur club the week before the international so that they could run through all their moves in actual match play.

This is what the Hungarians do before their big games, and I believe it is the best way of training for an important match. In my experience of England teams, I must say that everything is done to make the players feel at ease. Mr Walter Winterbottom, the team manager, does a great deal by talking to each individual player, chattering over his style of play, his ideas, and keeping him completely in the picture about the team's plan of campaign.

In modern international football this is absolutely imperative. The senior members of the side, like Billy Wright and Stan Matthews, help the team manager in this important work. That's why I believe that against the Scots we will find some of the alleged "old timers" still retained. Without them the youngsters would, I fancy, be lost.

Make no mistake Hampden Park can be the cemetery for a youngster unless he has the older hands to reassure him on the great occasion.

OLD AND NEW?
The England team, I think, will be a well blended mixture of the old and the new. Without the uncanny influence of Stan Matthews and Tom Finney, England could be struggling against the Scots.

There are other brilliant club chaps—among them Stan Cullis (Wolves), Jimmy Seed (Charlton), Alec Stock (Leyton Orient), Arthur Turner (Birmingham), and Les McDowall, who has again piloted Manchester City to Wembley.

But despite all their claims, MY manager of the year is Busby—the magician of Old Trafford.

Starting from scratch, he has made United one of the most fabulous names in football—and he has done it by the old-fashioned virtues of courtesy and fair play.

—(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

For once the bookmakers are gambling, as they rush to reserve sites for "betting shops." There will be no restrictions in plenty, including...

"No Comfort" For The Racing Fraternity

By A Special Correspondent

Leading British bookmakers are already leasing premises in the big towns for betting shops, even though legislation permitting these betting shops in the United Kingdom is not expected for at least another nine months.

Some bookmakers are buying empty shops and cafes through estate agents. Others are putting down cash deposits giving them a purchase option.

Though they expect to lose money on the premises until they are operating, the bookmakers estimate that the right shop in the right area would quickly pay off the loss.

One bookmaker has put down a deposit on a small cafe in a London suburb, surrounded by seven public houses. Another is buying a green-grocery shop near a new and growing district, a district which comprises a large housing project and a dozen factories employing six thousand people.

These are expected to be announced when the Bill is published, and may include limitations affecting premises now being bought.

It is certain that the British Government will insist that betting shops are not made so comfortable that loiterers would spend the afternoon in them, betting on every race.

No seats will be allowed for the public and it is expected that the betting shops will have to close for a period during the afternoon. In addition, bookmakers will not be able to announce the odds to the public by chalking them up, and no winnings will be paid out during the hours of racing.

All persons under eighteen years are expected to be banned from entering betting shops.

Nominate YOUR

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the.....Club.

(Signed).....

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Pat Burge and Ian Craig.
2. Juan Fangio.
3. Geoff Duke.
4. Birmingham and Manchester City.
5. Manchester City.
6. The equestrian events.
7. Two, Yvon Petra and Jaroslav Drobny.
8. Fanny Blankers-Koen, in 1924; V. Riolu, in 1924; Jesse Owens, in 1936 and Fanny Blankers-Koen, in 1948.
9. Both have. Lawn tennis in 1900, Rugby Union in 1920 and 1924.
10. Jimmy Carruthers, Bantamweight and Yoshio Shirai, Flyweight.

Chinese Emperor Was First Football Fan

With the end of the football season approaching in Britain and its advent in New Zealand, New Zealanders have been reminded that the first football fan was a Chinese emperor who lived about 3,000 years ago.

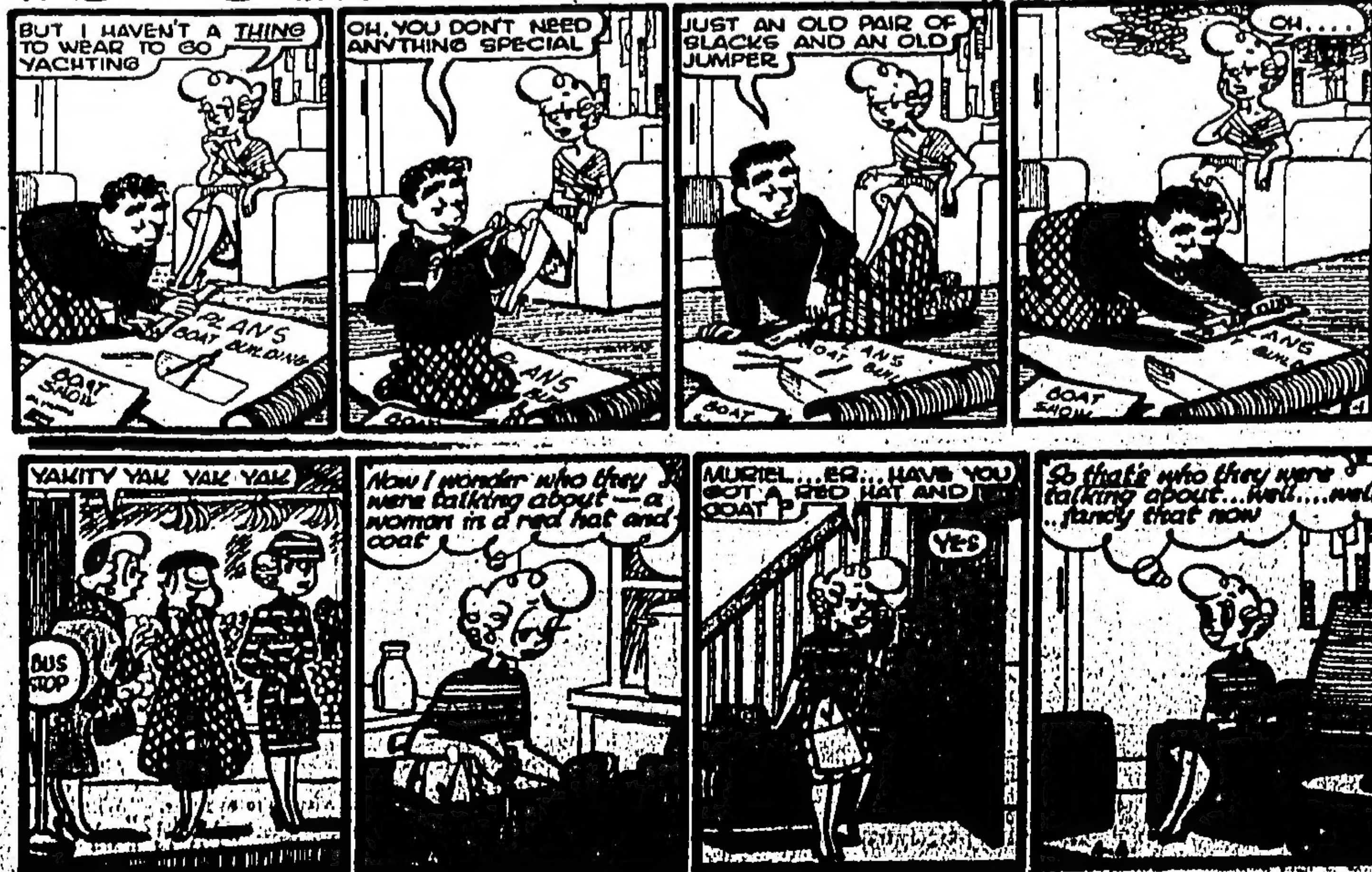
The rules then were similar to those followed today, but some details differed immensely. The ball was a sack filled with hair and the goals were two bamboo poles joined by a silk net. There were over seventy permissible methods of tackling an opponent. All the players were barefooted.

The winners were rewarded with prizes of flowers and fruit while the captain of the losing side and any of his team that could be caught were beaten by the spectators.—China Mail Special.

13 SCOTS ON ITS BOOKS

Since Dave Halliday took over the management of Leicester City from Aberdeen nine Scotsmen have crossed the border to sign for the Midlands club which now has thirteen Scots on its books. Most of them are in the first eleven. Leicester, always with a strong Scottish tradition about them, have had Scots Peter Hodge, Willie Orr, Arthur Lochhead, John Duncan and now Halliday as manager.

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



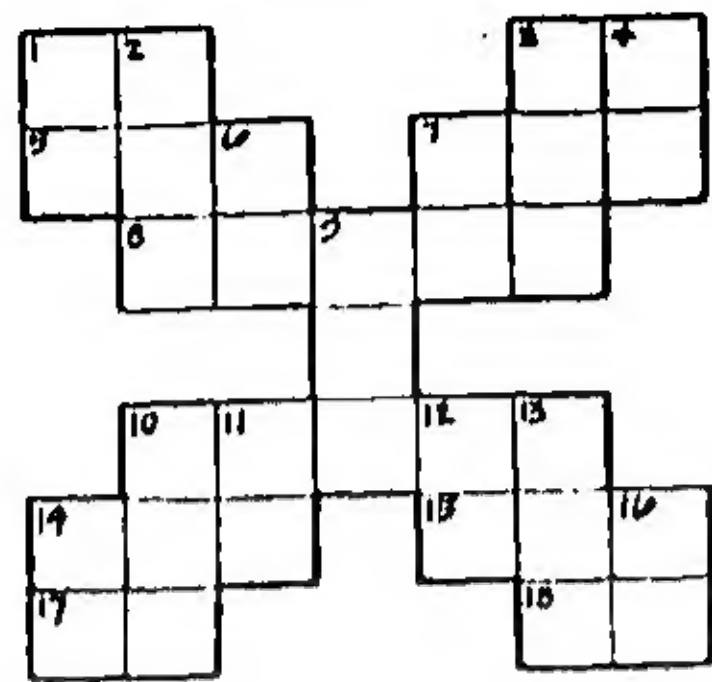
GOLDEN CHURN



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 This doesn't mean "yes"
- 3 Toward
- 5 Before
- 7 Wrongdoing
- 8 What you've done when you've had your meal
- 10 Singer
- 14 This goes with eggs
- 15 Puzzles are ... to work
- 17 Any
- 18 Top rank (ab.)

DOWN

- 1 Northeast (ab.)
- 2 Nicaragua has some ... deposits
- 3 Metal
- 4 Upon
- 6 Each (ab.)
- 7 Southwestern (ab.)
- 9 Number
- 10 Light brown
- 11 Printers use this
- 12 Nicaragua is part ... Central America
- 13 Groove
- 14 Laughter sound
- 16 Naval reserve (ab.)

DIAMOND

Nicaragua's mountain PEAKS gave the Puzzleman a centre for his diamond this time. The second word is "a boy's nickname" and the fourth is "where the sun and stars are".

P
E
A
K
S
K
S

HOW MANY?

How many three-letter and four-letter words can you make from the letters in MANAGUA, which is Nicaragua's capital city? Six is good, seven excellent, eight superb, and nine perfect.

NICARAGUA REBUS

Four things about Nicaragua hidden here by the Puzzleman will uncover themselves for you if you use the words and pictures right.



(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

TELL YOUR FRIENDS YOU HAVE THE MYSTIC POWER TO READ SECRET MESSAGES WITHOUT EVER SEEING THEM.



1. Draw a circle about 2 inches wide in the center of a 4-inch square of PAPER.

2. ASK A PAL TO WRITE A SHORT SECRET MESSAGE IN THE CIRCLE AND FOLD THE PAPER INTO HALF TWICE LIKE THIS.

3. NOW YOU TAKE THE FOLDED PAPER AND TEAR IT IN HALF.

4. TEAR THE PARTS HALF AGAIN... ALWAYS KEEPING THE CORNER WITH THE MESSAGE ON TOP.

5. PRETEND TO THROW THE SCRAP IN THE FIREPLACE, BUT... KEEP THE PART WITH THE MESSAGE AND GLANCE AT IT WHILE YOU PRETEND TO THINK...

YOUR SECRET IS THAT YOU HAVE A NEW BICYCLE.

YOUR SECRET IS THAT YOU HAVE A NEW BICYCLE.

YOUR SECRET IS THAT YOU HAVE A NEW BICYCLE.

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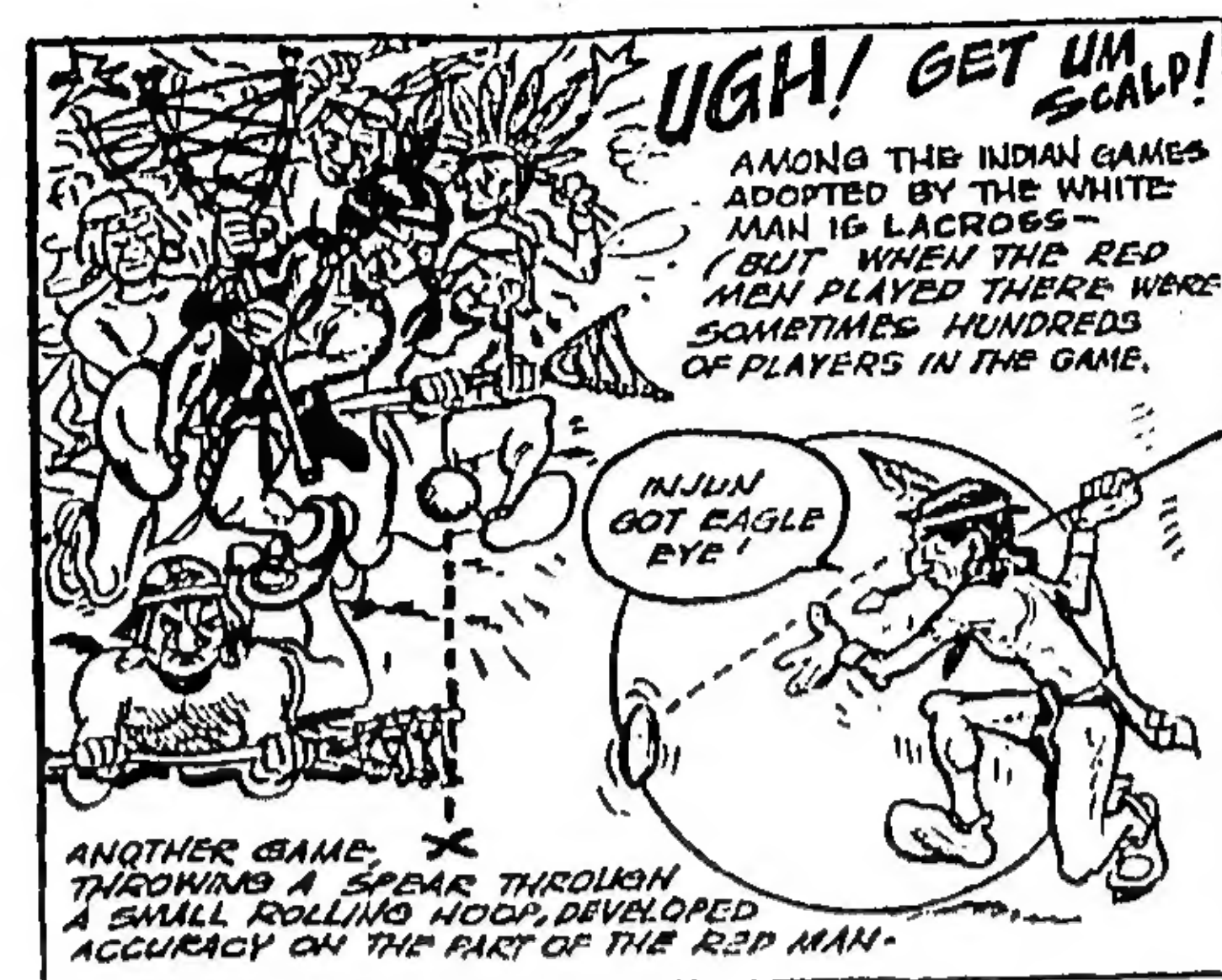
YOUR SECRET IS THAT YOU HAVE A NEW BICYCLE.

GAME OF LACROSSE DATES BACK TO THE DAYS OF INDIANS

SOME of the games that the old time Western Indian liked to enjoy are still played by Colorado Redskins on the reservations today. Others have been modified and adopted by the white man. All are different from any kind of sport that's found elsewhere.

Lacrosse is an example. Its implement is something like a hockey stick, excepting for the fact that there's a net attached over the curved end, so that the player can catch a ball in it, then bat the missile away with a great amount of force.

Today the game is played with two teams consisting of 12 members each, but originally it wasn't limited in this way. All the men and boys in an entire village—which sometimes added up to as many as 400 persons—would take part. Other times two villages would play against each other; which would put as many as 1,000 persons in a single field. Women and girls would participate also.



Another game, THROU-THROU, was played through a small rolling hoop, developed accuracy on the part of the red man.

The game was rough and fast, with the players racing, dodging, and scooping up the deerskin ball with their netted sticks, and throwing it with the practiced aim of the hunter.

Often injured. They were often hurt and sometimes killed. An injured player, however, made very little fuss because it was considered a disgrace to be wounded. He quietly hobbled off the field, very much ashamed, and retreated to his home.

But the game was considered more than just a sport. A person who was ill might be cured by watching it. A good game might also please the spirits so much that they would drive away famine and disease. There was no greater way

Odd Eyes In The Animal World

EYES that see, and eyes that are blind; eyes large and small; eyes full of meaning, eyes blank with disinterest.

There are the usual kinds of eyes, that we accept

without question. But, in the animal world, there are many unusual eyes.

The honey bee that floats through the air so intent on gathering its store of nectar, has 12,000 eyes. No, that is not an exaggeration. Its compound eyes are made up of thousands of lenses, each one a complete eye in itself.

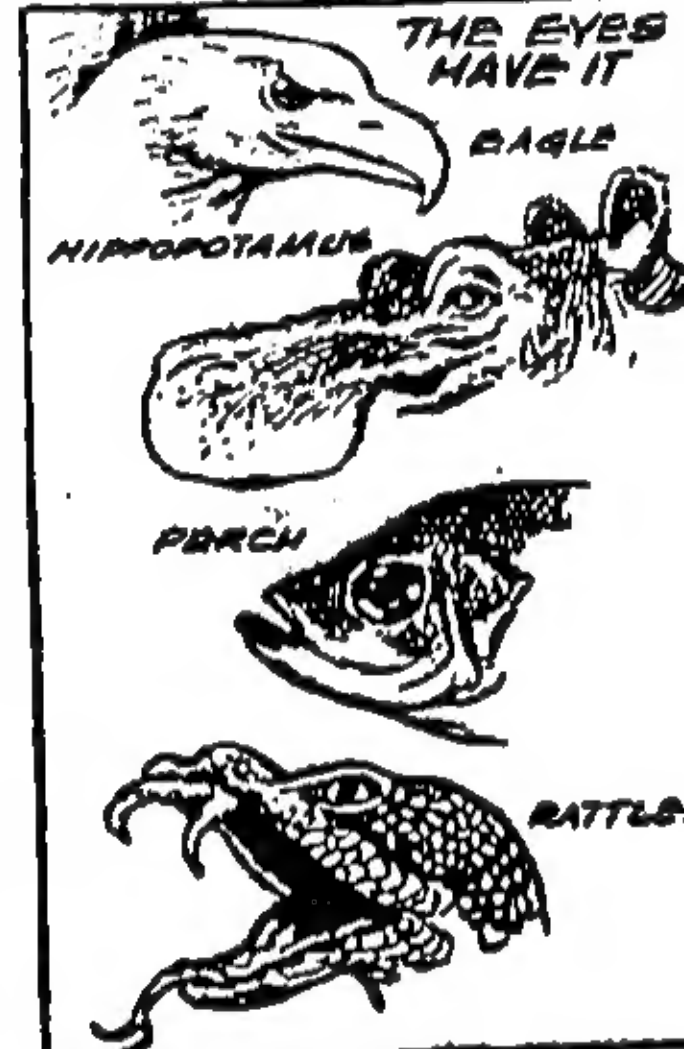
EXTRA EYELID

The birds have a third eyelid, a transparent lid that covers the eye when the birds fly among the tree branches. They can see where they are going, and still have no fear that a waving leaf or a twig will injure the vision.

This extra eyelid is of special value to the owl with its habit of night flying. The kingfisher has double vision. When it feels there is danger about, it can see from either side of each eye individually. Then, when it dives into the water for fish, it can focus its eyes straight ahead.

The eagle which flies high in the sky has feathered eyelids. They come in handy when, high in the air, he peers keenly below at the earth seeking his prey, unblinded by the bright sun.

The fish have lidless eyes, because the water in which they live protects the eyes. But the snake has eyelids which do not move. It sees the world through windows of clear, horny plates.



When it's time to shed its skin, it sheds its eyelids also. With the new skin come new eyelids—a new house in which to live, new windows to look through, forever on guard against enemies.

THE LARGEST

The hippopotamus, which likes to live in the water, has his eyes on the top of his head. Lying partly submerged it can keep a wary eye out for enemies as it takes its ease in a mud bath.

The largest eyes in the world are found in the great blue whale. The eyeball itself is five inches in diameter.

The horse has the largest eyes of the land animals, but they are only one and a half times larger than the eyes of man.

Strange eyes indeed!

to honour a visitor or chief than to have a game of lacrosse played because of his visit.

The game of darts was often added to lacrosse and is well known this day to the Indian Old Timer.

Two teams of 15 to 30 players each were chosen and were given a half dozen wooden spears apiece. There were approximately five feet long.

MOVING TARGETS

The players stood in line so that the umpires who were stationed a short distance away could roll an 8-inch reed hoop in front of them. Each player in turn tried to throw a spear through the hoop before it could pass. When successful, the umpire took the spear. The team that lost all its spears first was declared the winner. Sometimes spears were thrown for distance instead. Then the one that went the furthest scored a point. The team with the most victories was the champion side.

This may sound tame, but excitement ran so high that the umpires were obliged to hold the bets that were placed. The most valued possessions were put up, such as strings of wampum, embroidered belts, pouches, pipes and tobacco.

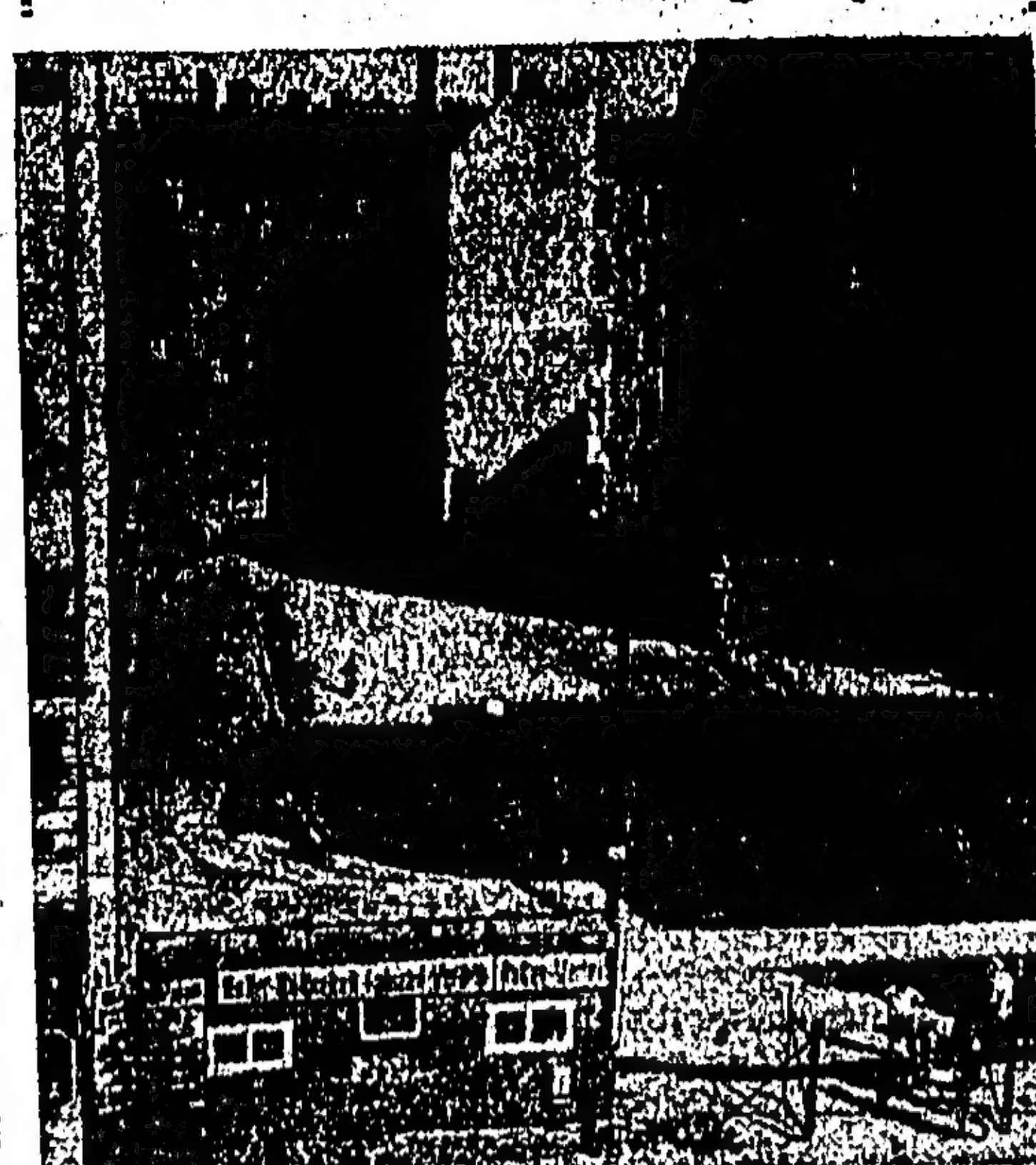
An indoor game of chance that's another man's favourite is still played, too.

Six cherry stones were required. These were placed in a bowl, and the gambling stakes were stupendous, with all sorts of priceless personal possessions held by the umpires.

The players were divided into two teams. Then they took turns at rolling the stones coloured black on one side and white on the other, in a wooden bowl. If five out of the six showed the same colour when the bowl was set down, the man who shook them won one point. Should all six stones show the same, five points were made. Play continued until one side scored a hundred.

—Bess Ritter

Race Track For Young Cyclists



IN BERLIN, Germany, there's a junior-sized race track for young cyclists. There, the Berlin boys and girls can rent small-sized racing bikes and zoom around the track, which has tilted curves like the regulation tracks have. An enterprising Berlin man made the track himself, and used an old abandoned auto trailer for his shop.



Strawberries And Cream

—Willy Explains Why He's The Luckiest Toad—

By MAX TRELL

"YOU know something?" Willy Toad said when he met his friends Knarf and Hanid, the shadows, at the edge of the Pine Tree Grove. "I think I must be the luckiest toad in the world."

"Why, Willy; I'm glad to hear you say that," said Hanid. She thought to herself as she said this that while Willy might not perhaps be the luckiest toad in the world he certainly was the happiest and best-natured toad in the whole neighbourhood.

Luckiest Toad

Knarf then asked Willy to explain why he thought he was the luckiest toad in the world.

"I'll tell you," said Willy. Knarf and Hanid sat down on a mossy rock while Willy told them why it was that he considered himself the luckiest toad in the world.

"Well, I was visiting my cousin Goggle who is a frog and lives down at the edge

of the pond. We were talking about this and that when all of a sudden Goggle said: 'Willy, if we had some strawberries and cream if we had some cream.'"

Toss A Pebble

"Then," Willy continued, "I said to Goggle: 'Cousin Goggle, I said, if it's strawberries and cream you'd like to have, I can get them for you. All I've got to do is toss a pebble in the water of the pond. Then you have to dive down after it. By the time you get back here with the pebble, I'll have the strawberries and cream.'"

"Of course," Willy Toad went on, smiling to Knarf and Hanid, "Cousin Goggle didn't believe that I could get the strawberries and cream just by having him jump in the pond after a pebble."

"Neither would I," said Hanid. "To tell you the truth," said Willy, "I didn't believe myself. I only said it to play a little game on Cousin Goggle."

"I thought that while he was down at the bottom of the pond



Cousin Goggle dived down after the pebble.

looking for that pebble, I'd hop off so that while he got back, I wouldn't be there at all. But, as I said before, I'm the luckiest toad in the world.

"I threw the pebble in the pond," Cousin Goggle dived down after it. And would you believe it? I got the strawberries and cream just as I promised. This is what happened."

"Well," said Willy, "as soon as Cousin Goggle dived after the pebble, the splash that he made threw some water on a passing sparrow. The sparrow was so frightened that she flew to the nearest tree and bumped into a squirrel. The squirrel scrambled down the tree and fell against a chipmunk. The chipmunk ran up the hill and scared a rabbit. The rabbit jumped out of the bushes where a dog saw him. The dog was with a crowd of people who were having a picnic under a tree on top of the hill. The dog chased the rabbit in and out among the people and pushed over a bottle of cream and a bowl of strawberries."

"And," said Willy, "down came the bowl of strawberries and the bottle of cream and they landed right in front of Cousin Goggle just as he came up out of the pond with the pebble in his mouth."

"Willy," said Cousin Goggle, "you're the greatest and cleverest and luckiest and goodest and most remarkable toad I've ever met!"

Willy winked at Knarf and Hanid. "But I wasn't doing things at all," he said, "I was just the luckiest."

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A NIGERIAN STAMP—AFTER THE ROYAL TOUR

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have toured Nigeria. Some of the country's stamps are overprinted "Royal Visit, 1956." This one shows men at work on one of Nigeria's main industries, tin.



But it seems to me that neither the stamp nor the reports of what the Queen and Duke did tell the real reason behind their tour. It is this:

Seldom before has a British Sovereign chosen to visit a colony which is on the eve of great political decisions. The hope among the Nigerian leaders is that Her Majesty's presence has helped to create a true sense of unity among the Colony's 22,000,000 people.

This is something that neither the leaders themselves nor the British administration have been able to achieve.

Remember, this Nigeria is potentially tremendously rich in natural resources such as rubber, tin, palm oil and coal.

But the people have not launched themselves on the great adventure of independent nationhood, because they feel that they are not a single nation, but several.

The cultures of the three dominant tribes—Hausas, Ibos and Yorubas—have been compared in their diversity to those of the British, French and Germans.

Later this year, the political leaders of the three tribes will meet to discuss Nigeria's future. That is when the influence of the present Royal visit will be finally judged.

Meanwhile, this 2d stamp overprinted for the tour is selling at 2d in London. It is produced by the press process and perforated.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Rupert and the Black Circle—19



In a thick part of the wood Rupert says, "This is for our cat," he says. "It's close to the track where those dark foresters passed yesterday, and by looking through all these branches, we can see if they're coming. What if the black cat comes?"

THE END

ZOO'S WHO



A BARN SWALLOW, LIVING ON A FARM WHERE BLACK CHICKENS WERE RAISED, FLEW TO A DISTANT FARM FOR WHITE FEATHERS WITH WHICH TO LINE ITS NEST.

WHILE THERE ARE MANY REPTILES, FISHES, AS WELL AS IN THE WEST INDIES, NO POISONOUS SNAKES USE THE GUEZ. SNAKES ARE FOUND IN THE LARGER CANAL, TRAVELING BACK ISLANDS OF CUBA, JAMAICA, AND NORTH BETWEEN THE HISPANOLA AND PUERTO RICO. RED GEESE AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

